New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LX · No. 1544 SATURDAY · 15 OCTOBER 1960 NINEPENCE

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The Future of Federation

THE report of the Monckton Commission, just because it concedes to the Africans the crucial principle of secession, signals the opening of a battle which is unavoidable. The Africans, with their eyes now fixed far beyond compromise, will be no less ready than the settlers to emphasise that Lord Monckton's role is purely advisory. Yet Monckton represents a watershed in the long debate on Central Africa. For the first time, the Establishment, both Central African and British (for that is what the Commission represents), has admitted that the mass of African opinion is passionately hostile to the principle of federation. From that recognition its conclusion logically followed that to offer the right of secession was the only chance of preserving an association between the three territories of the present federation. Yet in that conclusion the Africans will see a green light for their struggle to political power just as clearly as the settlers can see the red light warning them of the impending end of their exclusive privilege.

The report will thus be followed by a fierce political struggle which is bound to be largely racial. Sir Roy Welensky, who thought his federal citadel was safe when the British Prime Minister assured him that the question of secession would be excluded from the Commission's terms of reference, is bitterly angry at what he now considers Mr Macmillan's treachery. But he may find himself isolated. The whites of Southern Rhodesia, unwilling to dismantle their colour bars as Lord Monckton proposes, and terrified of the advancing tide of black nationalism from the north, are tempted to secede and go it alone. The Africans, unwilling to accept mere parity or a further period of imposed federation, are seeking the same method of escape. Thus it is only Welensky, and those in his administration who have a vested interest in federation as such, who are likely to fight a last-ditch battle for its preservation.

In this situation the nature of Mr Macleod's initiative is vital. He is already to be congratulated on giving his general support to the Monckton proposals, and he should understand that, despite Welensky's angry outbursts, he is under no serious political obligation to commit himself any longer to a federal solution to the constitutional problems of Central Africa. The essential factor today is that, after the Monckton report, the Africans will accept nothing less than a rapid advance to genuine democracy. Equally, the more extreme settlers will fight to the last to preserve their privilege. Every Tory in his heart will sympathise with their attitude; but over the whole of this struggle falls the shadow of the Congo. What Mr Macleod must recognise – and persuade a majority of the settlers and of his own party to recognise – as being the real lesson of the Congo is that chaos is the price of giving the Africans too little responsibility too late. Whatever the constitutional future in Central Africa, a Congo-like disaster will be avoided only if the African leaders are immediately given the fullest opportunities for training in administrative responsibility.

Nobody can any longer doubt that black nationalism is the strongest force in Central Africa; indeed in the long run it is irresistible. What is at stake now is whether its inevitable victory turns out to be a triumph for racialism or democracy. And that depends on the foresight of the British government. There are of course arguments for a continuing relation of some sort between the three territories. But only by developing democratic states in both Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland is there any hope of an eventual association based on consent and common interest.

Mr Macleod's task in the next few months is invidious and difficult. But he and his colleagues can count on the support of all parties – indeed of liberal opinion all over the world – if they now have the nerve and courage to insist, in the face of whatever noisy abuse they may receive from Salisbury or from the Carlton Club, that democratic consent is the unshakeable principle on which a nation must be founded.

Comments on the Week's News

Europe

Le Grand Charles and Der Alte

Our Diplomatic Correspondent writes: The bickering which broke out between Premier Debré and Dr Adenauer in Bonn last Friday is the latest evidence of France's growing isolation in Europe. What seems to have happened is that Debré, while putting forward once again de Gaulle's twin schemes for a 'reform' of Nato (under which France would act as spokesman for Europe) and a European secretariat (in Paris), tried to reassure Dr Adenauer that France was still behind Nato. At this point, Adenauer was brought a telegram from his Paris embassy containing a resumé of de Gaulle's latest speech, which contained a scornful reference to Nato. *Der Alte* exploded in Debré's face and flourished his letter from Eisenhower threatening to withdraw US forces from Europe in certain circumstances.

The latent Franco-German dispute, which has been simmering since the collapse of the Summit, thus came into the open. It is true that, after an exchange of messages with Paris, the embassy telegram was seen to be somewhat misleading, and M. Debré hurriedly exerted all his limited charm to calming down the old man. The meeting, in fact, ended in a reasonably friendly atmosphere. All the same, Dr Adenauer made his position unmistakably plain: if it comes to a choice, he will always give his relations with Washington priority over the Franco-German entente. Indeed, so far as he is concerned, de Gaulle's intransigence has forced him to consign to oblivion his project for a close Franco-German partnership within Nato. As he put it on Monday: 'I hope that we, the West German and French governments, will remain good friends on the basis of close unity with the US'. This is a chilly contrast with the warm assurances of eternal friendship which, until recently, marked Franco-German discussions.

For de Gaulle – though he is solely to blame – this collapse of his bridge across the Rhine must have come as a heavy blow. He must now know he will never get German backing in his Nato projects. He is also becoming aware that the Germans will not accept his schemes for Little Europe, either. As Adenauer told Debré, he prefers a looser Europe with British participation to an integrated structure confined to the Six; and it is plain that most of the other Common Market powers take this line too. Hence, when the Six meet for their Summit conference in December, France risks a sharp setback, unless de Gaulle unbends to the point where British participation becomes possible.

Had the General a united nation behind him, it might be a different matter. But his anti-Nato speeches, though popular in the provinces, are arousing increasing criticism in Paris. Both the MRP and Radical party congresses have voted against his 'go-it-alone' policy in nuclear weapons. His new defence law, providing for an independent deterrent, scraped through the Assembly finance committee only by one vote; and it may yet be defeated. The generals do not like it, because they see it is incompatible with a major war effort in Algeria. Meanwhile, the MRP (who have four Cabinet seats) have joined the Socialists and Radicals in calling for renewed cease-fire talks. De Gaulle is faced by a spreading movement of protest on the left, and by persistent rumours of conspiracy on the right – each adding to the strength of the other.

New York

The TV Debate

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* The Nixon-Kennedy debates will probably not be studied by schoolboys for their eloquence or the definitiveness with which they have come to grips with the questions of the day. The cost of television compels absurd time limits, its mechanics impose irrelevant personal handicaps, and what the medium itself does not exact along these lines the candidates' managers have introduced by way of rigid ground rules. These encounters are not debates at all, in fact, but joint press conferences, in which one candidate is allowed a brief answer to a reporter's question and his opponent a brief comment on the answer. Since there is no rebuttal, the advantage is clearly with the opponent, who has had time to plan his reply, who can bring up extraneous matters if he wishes, and who cannot be answered in turn.

In such circumstances Lincoln and Douglas might have had hardly more to say about slavery and union than that they were against the one and in favour of the other. But if no single issue is thoroughly aired, it is nevertheless true that each man is beginning to give the public an idea, possibly erroneous, of the general direction he would take as President and the peculiar temperament he would bring to affairs of state. Kennedy has made it plain – and it took courage to do so – that the kind of rigid self-righteousness that has marked the Eisenhower foreign policy is not for him. If the President could have saved the last summit conference by expressing regret for a hapless bit of aerial espionage, he should by all means have expressed regret – even if he had no intention of permanently ending such operations. Are Quemoy and Matsu strategically indefensible, as leading military and naval authorities say they are? Then let's have no nonsense about risking war over them, when the real issue is the defence of Formosa. Nixon, on the other hand, donning the moralist's mantle left by John Foster Dulles, has committed himself for ever to the freedom of Quemoy, Matsu, and aerial intelligence (American).

Specifically, these are not the world's most pressing issues, but the respective attitudes of the candidates offer a fairly broad hint as to how they might act in future crises elsewhere – just as their domestic stands indicate White House performances that would differ about the way Truman's would differ from Dewey's.

In the matter of personality Nixon appears to have made up some, though not all, of the ground he lost in the first encounter. That bout had been followed by a flood of telephone calls to Republican headquarters from party men demanding to know what had happened to make their once fiery campaigner look so haggard, nervous, defensive, and wooden. It had been followed, too, by declarations of loyalty to Kennedy on the part of southern leaders who up to then had thought, and possibly hoped, that he was not going anywhere.

The second debate offered a more poised and harder hitting Nixon, but he still had a glazed, passport-photo look at times and none of the crowd-pleasing manner that he has perfected in his personal campaigning. A shy, almost austere man in a small gathering, he rises to heights of folksiness with a multitude, a pattern of political behaviour exactly the opposite of Kennedy's. Where Nixon easily takes 50,000 strangers into his confidence with revelations of his domestic life and rarely quotes anyone less homey than President Eisenhower, Kennedy keeps his audiences sternly pinned to matters of moment and has been known to invoke Goethe, Faulkner, Wilson, Bismarck, Swift, Emerson, Tennyson and Queen Victoria in a single speech. All of which indicates that television has its own way with an 'image', that it dispenses its favours too unevenly to stand a chance of replacing altogether the soap-box and the platform so dear to the heart of the professional politician. Somewhere between the studio and 40 million living-rooms a candidate can easily be lost.

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India

Trouble in Congress

Our Correspondent in New Delhi writes: Indian MPs are already showing signs of a mild pre-election fever, although the general election is not due until January 1962. The main reason for this spurt of activity is to be found in the chaotic state of the Congress Party in more than one province. And one of Mr Nehru's first headaches when he arrives back in Delhi will be the recent defeat of the candidate chosen and backed by the Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh in the recent presidential elections. For the past three years, the Chief Minister had had the support, at critical moments, of Pandit Pant, the Union Home Minister who commands a great deal of respect in UP, from where he comes. One prominent Congressman told me, at the AICC's office that the defeat of the Chief Minister's candidate was in truth a defeat for Pandit Pant.

But the AICC's president is awaiting the report of Sardar Swaran Singh, Minister for

Steel, who was sent to UP to observe the election. As soon as Mr Nehru returns, the Congress's Central Parliamentary Board will have a post-mortem. The other items which may feature on a gloomy agenda are the affairs of the Orissa Congress and that state's Chief Minister's wish to resign; the charge-sheet against Punjab's Chief Minister, Pratap Singh Kairon, by 'dissidents' in the Party; growing indiscipline in the Madhya Pradesh Congress party; 'group politics' in the Rajastan Congress Party; the wish of the Assam Chief Minister, Chaliha, to resign because the district Congress committees had expressed no confidence in him; and the crisis in the Andhra Pradesh Congress Party, which is threatening the stability of the ministry and which U. N. Dhebar is helping the state's leaders to tide over.

Nor is this all. The establishment of Nagaland as a state of the Indian Union is hanging fire at the moment and the government has not yet received from the leaders of the Naga People's Convention the details which they were pledged to work out in accordance with last July's settlement. Meanwhile Mr Nehru is expected to go to Nagaland for its inauguration at the end of October; and foreign correspondents have already had permission to visit this area, which has been closed to the foreign, though not to some of the Indian, press for several years.

The Economy

Sneezes at the Show

Our Industrial Correspondent writes: An air of uncertainty, even gloom, hangs over next week's Motor Show. For the first time since the war – at least on the evidence of a sample of London dealers – all makes of car may now be bought off the peg. In Luton and the Midlands there is some unemployment and more general short-time working. The motor trade, of course, is not alone in this: furniture and other household goods, like television sets and refrigerators and washing machines, are suffering from a fall in sales. (Shops are holding one and a half million TV sets in stock.) But gloom is a feeling the car industry is unaccustomed to, while the conviction is widespread that when this industry sneezes, the nation catches cold.

There are two immediate causes of the present minor crisis. First, the US market for medum-sized, 'family' cars, has collapsed. The new American compacts, the Chrysler *Valiant*, the Ford *Falcon* and the Chevrolet *Corvair* are meeting the challenge of the Vauxhall *Velox*, the British Ford *Zephyr* and the Humber *Hawk*. This still leaves the market open for British sports cars and for the very small car. (Although there are reports that the new US Ford *Cardinal*, made in West Germany, may soon knock out the latter.) The second cause is the credit squeeze, about which the manufacturers and the unions are united in their protests to the government. As it happens the present restrictions on hire-purchase hit hardest at precisely the kind of car affected by the US compacts. On a car priced at £800, HP repayments now run at £30 a month, which is more than many either care to pay or are able to pay. Equally people are dissuaded from exchanging second-hand cars for new because the second-hand price is more depressed than it has ever been. The small cars – the wildly successful *Mini-Minors*, *Anglias*, and *Austin Sevens* have escaped these pressures until now. Vauxhall, who have now sacked 1,000 workers at Luton, have no car in this range.

Whether the present situation, disturbing as it is, affects the long-term planning of the industry is another matter, and is the question which is unnerving people in the trade. Theoretically the investment programme which will increase output from the present annual figure of two million vehicles to three million by 1963 is sound. In this country there is one car to every 11 people; in France, West Germany and Italy there are more people per car. In the US and Canada the figures are three and five. Thus the potential market in a US-orientated Europe is enormous, frightful though the prospect of so many cars in this country may be. By announcing that they are going to build a new factory near Glasgow employing 5,500 people, the Rootes group have offered one reading of the situation; as have the planned Ford and BMC plants on Merseyside. (An announcement that the new Cunard liner is to be built on Clydeside and not elsewhere would also be very welcome.)

In the meantime the men put out of work or on short-time both in the industry and, as the cold spreads, in component factories, face an unexpectedly lean period. At present unemployment has occurred in areas where demand for labour is high. Nevertheless the unions are wise to insist on short-time working rather than sacking, and, where unemployment is unavoidable, to demand generous rates of compensation. One great advantage of short-time working is that it does not disturb a worker's seniority and length of service, factors which, at present, are crucial in deciding rates of compensation at times of recession, as now, or if automation should lead to more unemployment in the future. Still, short-time working means that men who have been accustomed to living on an income of £21 a week will now have to live on £11.

The Law

Abortion Law Reform

C. H. ROLPH *writes*: It is credibly estimated that at least 120 illegal abortions are carried out every day in this country, the amount of mental suffering and danger to health involved constituting a major and pitiably urgent social problem. Successive governments have for years been urged to amend the law about this, but the only responses so far have been, first, an interdepartmental committee in 1939 which seemed undisturbed by its own discovery that there were between 40,000 and 60,000 illegal abortions every year (there are almost certainly more today), and secondly Mr Butler's remark in reply to a parliamentary question on 20 December 1957 that he 'had no reason to think there was any practical need for legislation.' An early abortion in competent hands is one of the safest and simplest of surgical operations; still, there is a slight risk in surgery of even the simplest kind. If a death follows any other kind of operation, conducted with proper skill and care, the surgeon gets sympathy and respect from everyone, including the coroner. If it follows a termination of pregnancy, the attitude of the law ensures that, no matter how urgently necessary the operation might have been for the mother's health, there will be adverse publicity and insinuating inquiries about the fee. Only the medical man is deterred by the law. The quacks who interfere with pregnancies ignorantly and without skill are not deterred, even by the greater risk to which they expose their victims. There is no proposal more deserving of back-bench initiative, and of government sympathy, as parliament reassembles, than the legislation of therapeutic abortion in necessary cases. The

"I'll have you banned for spreading disaffection in the French Army..!"

facts about this problem and its dimensions will be published on Monday, 17 October, in up-to-date form in Alice Jenkins's new book, *Law For The Rich* (Gollancz, 15s.). This excellent, authoritative and long-awaited book (which contains a weighty introduction by Dr Glanville Williams, Reader in English Law at Cambridge) may convince Mr Butler, if not yet the invincibly lethargic mass of public opinion, of the crying need for legislation. It would be a fitting reward if Mrs Jenkins's 30 years of indefatigable and selfless campaigning should now be crowned with success.

Fleet Street

New Look in the Provinces

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* Mr Roy Thomson is tidying up. He has sold the *Empire News* in marriage to that father-figure of mass Sunday journalism at its earthiest, the *News of the World*, to which it brings a useful dowry of two million readers and the use of a printing press in Manchester; the *Sunday Graphic*, with no dowry worth much to attract a suitor, is soon, it is generally expected, to be put quietly to sleep. 'After all', said Mr Thomson last week, 'Fleet Street is due for some changes.'

So it is. For the fact is that, whether one likes it or not, it is now becoming economically less and less feasible to keep going without extraneous aid any Sunday, or for that matter national daily, newspaper which fits snugly into neither the successful mass-circulation nor the successful quality-circulation category. There are at least two other Sunday newspapers besides the *Graphic* and the *Empire News* for which either death or marriage seems the most likely fate, unless considerations other than economic ones operate indefinitely. It may seem odd that with a circulation of over two million (the *Graphic* has only 800,000) the *Empire News* has had to merge, but two million is in fact small change in the mass market these days. Moreover it has been manifest for some time that the *Empire News* fits less and less happily into the newspaper role which Mr Thomson envisages for himself as a publisher of quality newspapers of fairly wide middlebrow appeal.

Mr Thomson, a shrewd man of business if ever there was one, appears to have decided that the brightest future, at any rate for a late-comer, now lies in the field of quality journalism. This is particularly noticeable not only in his *Sunday Times* developments, but in his chain of provincial morning papers. Here the whole weight is now being put behind a more serious journalistic presentation and purpose. Since Thomson took over the *Scotsman*, for instance, it has, under a most able editor, Alastair Dunnett, been largely remodelled and liberalised as a national quality paper for Scotland. It is now one of the best written, best produced and in many ways most civilised newspapers in Britain. Indeed if I lived in its circulation area and was not professionally required to sample the whole works I can imagine being quite happy to take no other most days. Its international news coverage is good, its general news and features well selected and intelligent and its leading articles thoughtful and thorough even though I often disagree with them. And it has developed a really admirable Saturday magazine supplement of 12 pages or so, which covers literature, the arts, education, science and matters of general interest in a highly literate way. These developments, it is pleasant to note, have brought increased success both in circulation and advertisement revenue, and the paper, which at one time was losing fairly heavily, is now making a modest profit. The same process of change and development has now been begun with the *Western Mail* and the rest of the Thomson morning papers are likely to follow the same path – modified here and there by the nature of their circulation areas. Indeed they are already doing so in several respects.

The commercial purpose behind all this of course is to put such papers into a position to demand the kind of high quality advertising rate which makes it possible for the quality national daily and Sunday press to command a satisfactory revenue despite circulation which, in mass readership, would be regarded as derisory. But the interesting and encouraging thing is that such changes have also brought about more readers. The circulation of the *Western Mail*, for example, has now gone up to close on 104,000 compared with 70,000 five years ago. In fact it seems to be the case that not only can advertisers be persuaded to pay higher rates for more intelligent papers, but more readers now want to read them.

One of the hurdles the serious provincial daily has still to get over, however, is that of recruiting and keeping enough top-quality staff – especially writers. Fleet Street is still the biggest magnet for journalistic talent, and the best provincial dailies tend to find that as soon as a man is given an opportunity to make a bit of name for himself in their columns, he flies off to London. To meet this, several papers, including those in the Thomson group, are now substantially stepping up their intake of graduates on the grounds that they can be quickly trained, so that it is well worth it even if they do fly off somewhere else after two or three years. In any case a salty combination of experienced professionals and bright young graduates is probably the best possible mixture for this kind of paper.

The Mantle of Nye?

Labour's future, we learn on the high authority of commentators, is now cut and dri[illegible]; cut to a safe and malleable shape, and dry as a bottle when the fizz has been poured away. In a few weeks time, Mr Gaitskell, flushed with the triumph of defeat, is to be re-elected by a comfortable majority of his parliamentary colleagues. They will concur with his view that a unilateral vote in the conference must be phoney, an accident to be corrected by a year's hard work in the backward areas, where, unfortunately, so many of the working class still live. The constitution, they will argue, must be altered so that once again it automatically produces victories for the right wing.

Some whimsical stickler for principle, some naive believer in old-fashioned Socialism and the democratic processes of the party will, it is assumed, stand against Mr Gaitskell; and his defeat will serve to emphasise the leader's victory. The irreconcilable Left, at last able to proclaim that they are the repository of conference orthodoxy, may remain undisciplined: in time, no doubt, they can be either brought to heel or compelled to form their own rebellious party. In any case they can be dismissed as fellow-travellers. True, they will have a large part of the rank and file on their side; true, the party will be divided in the country and the Tories left indefinitely in charge. Meanwhile the rest of Mr Gaitskell's programme will be carried out. Labour conferences will be demonstrations of loyalty like Tory conferences; policy will be the leader's and the Socialism of Clause Four can then be openly repudiated. Socialism, as an expression of working-class ideals and aspirations, will go the way of Socialism in France and Germany; it will die the death it deserves. The new party (which may or may not prefer the less offensive title of Radical) will inherit the party machine and the realities of the political situation will be clear to all. Some pundits are already forecasting fruitful conversations with Mr Grimond.

Some such programme has always been implicit in Mr Gaitskell's obstinate fight to get his own way at all costs to the Labour movement; and he may pull it off. If he is not to win this pyrrhic victory, some spokesman of influence in the party must take his political life in his hands and break a lance when the leadership is tested. The challenger must be a man who is willing to risk defeat, but not so accustomed to being a member of a small minority group that he can be shrugged aside as a mere impractical leftist. It is here that the gap left by Aneurin Bevan's death is most lamentably felt. Had he lived, he would have remained the repository of Socialist principle and rank-and-file hope; he would have been a unifying factor in the party, whether he was in control or only second in command. But that does not mean that there is now no alternative to Gaitskell, no possible representative of working-class Socialism. It is an old story. We easily forget how often it is the office that reveals the man. Few would have picked Attlee as a leader, had not circumstances pushed him to the top.

There are to-day a number of possible challengers. The centre and left-centre have spokesmen all of whom in recent months have struggled against Mr Gaitskell's personal policy. They include George Brown, Richard Crossman, Barbara Castle, Harold Wilson, Fred Lee and James Callaghan, at least on grounds of competence, must also be considered. Distrust of Mr. Gaitskell's leadership is such that any of these could be a focus of opposition. By opposing him in public they could save the party from disintegration. If we consider the qualifications of these possible leaders, all of them able and none of them lacking in ambition, the finger seems to point most directly at Harold Wilson. His abilities are undoubted and his instincts accord with the party's centre of gravity. He perhaps best meets Bagehot's classic requirement for constitutional statesmanship; 'A man of common opinions and uncommon abilities'.

Unhappily, he has a reputation of excessive caution. Beyond putting himself on record as believing that the leader must accept the verdict of the party, he has made no bold proclamation of his intentions. He may be tempted to stand as deputy leader of the party. If he does so, he will be unable to escape the reproach of toeing the Gaitskell line. If he is prepared to answer the critics who say that, like Lord Roseberry, he 'seeks the palm without the dust', then he must put himself in personal jeopardy by challenging Gaitskell's leadership. Two things are certain; if none of these come forward now, they are unlikely ever to have another chance of leadership, and the task of opposition will be

entrusted to a challenger of the extreme left, whose transparent sincerity will not atone for his obvious inability to win anything but a negligible minority vote.

The party's best chance of averting a split is to offer an alternative to Mr Gaitskell now. The challenger has good weapons in his hands today; in another year they may be blunted. The duty of translating the simple generalisation of the AEU's unilateral resolution into the concrete terms of a practical and unifying policy may be forgotten by MPs if this moment is allowed to pass. For Gaitskell himself cannot and will not undertake this task. The successful vote for unilateralism was largely due to distrust of Mr Gaitskell. Today everyone knows that he was a fervent opposer of the Executive resolution which he sponsored at Scarborough. He has never hidden his belief in Britain's independent possession of the nuclear deterrent; he only compromised – for the moment – when his colleagues were firm. Both before and during the defence debate at Scarborough, even when it was expected that his defeat would be not narrow, but overwhelming, he announced that he would continue to pursue his own defence policy irrespective of the terms of the conference decision.

On this, and on many other occasions, he has revealed his real feeling towards the party, his contempt for its democratic process and his conviction that it can only be marshalled into office, if it is subordinated to the purpose of a man of superior brains and will power. In pursuing his stubborn path, he has created powerful opponents among those trade union leaders to whom the hierarchy of the party has in the past looked for support. Today they would have been looking to Nye Bevan as a champion, if he had lived; they may now be ready to support even a much lesser man who is bold enough to put on the mantle of Nye.

Labour's Wind of Change

BARBARA CASTLE

> What though the field be lost?
> All is not lost – the unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield.

Thus, in effect, Mr Gaitskell at Scarborough as he stood on the platform urging his cheering supporters to 'fight, fight and fight again' against the rejection of the newly revised defence policy. It was a strange climax to one of the most moving and impressive debates in the party's history; a strange interlude in a conference in which the Labour movement had been finding its soul again after 12 wasted months and almost as many confused years. The previous day Mr Ray Gunther had brought the conference to its feet with a brilliant, heart-warming speech in support of *Labour and the Sixties*, a document which united the conference in an enthusiasm the platform had been unable to arouse for a very long time. The response to Mr Gunther showed that the age-old rift between the trade unions and the constituency parties could be – and had been – healed by the right policy, and that the movement felt a new surge of strength as it found itself rooted again in the industrial wing. Yet here, 24 hours later, the conference was split down the middle again. The transformation could not have been more complete. It is hardly surprising that some of the delegates, at any rate, felt it to be unnecessary.

Certainly there had been nothing in that morning's debate to make one fear that conference had suddenly become permeated by freaks and fellow-travellers. In fact the same sort of people had been going to the rostrum as the day before, bringing to the H-bomb the same sort of attitudes as they had brought to the officially-sponsored domestic policy. Of course the conference was divided, but how honourably! No one listening to the debate could fail to be proud of the Labour movement: this was democracy at its best.

One thing is clear: after Scarborough, things will never be the same again, either for Labour, for Britain or for international Socialism. Whatever may be the rights or the wrongs of the unilateralist decision, the thinking of all of us has had a thorough shaking up. Something must be very wrong with the leadership of Britain in international affairs for the marchers to Aldermaston to have scored such a victory among stolid trade unionists, even if that victory was expressed in somewhat confused terms. Something must be wrong, too, with the leadership of the Labour Party, if it could be defeated just at the moment when it was making a radical change in its defence policy and when there was such an overwhelming desire for unity. Even those who attribute the defeat of the platform to the machinations of an irresponsible minority are, by doing so, admitting there is something wrong in the way in which the Labour Party has been run. The Labour movement is due for some radical re-thinking under all these heads, but it is a re-thinking which need bring nothing but good.

It is therefore heart-breaking to hear the prophets of disaster at their work again. The defeat of the platform, we are told, has precipitated a constitutional crisis of the gravest kind. Labour will never get a majority, runs this argument, as long as trade unions, casting bloc votes, can dictate policy to the political wing. This falls strangely on the ears of constituency party delegates who have been dictated to by trade union bloc votes for as long as they can remember without anyone raising constitutional objections. The difference this time is that the bloc votes were so evenly divided that they pretty well cancelled each other out and enabled the balance to be held by constituency delegates and certain unions who were free to interpret their mandates pretty flexibly. So much so that the 'multilateralists' were soon claiming a majority of the constituency parties.

This is surely, therefore, the last moment to argue that the decisions of conference cannot be accepted because they are 'unconstitutional'. Is it now suggested that the Labour conference, after last week's stirring display of democratic discussion, should suddenly start moulding itself on Tory conferences? The right way is to advance towards still greater democracy in the party, not to retreat from it. Some delegates argue that Mr Frank Cousins's vote did not represent his rank and file; others that Sir Tom Williamson's vote is equally unrepresentative. The only way to find out is for trade union branches and district committees to be encouraged to hold political discussions on this issue during the next few months. The same applies to the constituency parties. But in both cases the audiences must hear both sides of the argument – never forgetting that, whether we like it or not, the Scarborough decision is 'official' policy. It would be intolerable for Transport House or regional organisers now to organise a campaign to defeat the conference. The only democratic course is for the official party platforms to be thrown open to both points of view – which they certainly never have been before.

Nor need the parliamentary crisis over defence prove an insoluble one if faced in this spirit. Some of the newly dissident MPs, by the terms in which they are explaining their own dilemma following the platform's defeat, have revealed the constraints under which they have placed a minority of their own colleagues in the past. In the last few months the name of Edmund Burke has been on everybody's lips. An MP, it is argued, cannot be expected to do violence to his conscience or to the personal pledges he has given to his constituents. But this is what the party system compels MPs to do almost every week. A large number of Labour MPs, for instance, have been elected to this parliament on a unilateralist ticket. This has not prevented the majority of their colleagues from obliging them to conform to the erstwhile official policy. Mr Christopher Mayhew, for one, has found no difficulty in reconciling this with a demand that he should not be expected to submit now to the same indignity. 'It is absurd to suggest' he has written in the *News Chronicle*, 'that the same discipline can be imposed on the majority of Labour MPs as used to be imposed on the minority'. Whatever else that doctrine may be it is not Burke's.

The very dilemma in which so many MPs now find themselves for the first time may bring them to realise the virtues of tolerance. Loyalty to a party inevitably puts a strain on private consciences; the only way out is to leave the MP to sort out this conflict of loyalties as best he can for himself. This is what was done quite successfully in the lifetime of the 1945 Labour government. But if there is to be tolerance, it must be for all – fully and generously accepted as a new principle.

One consequence we must all accept from Scarborough – freedom will inevitably start breaking out. But it can be a healthy freedom, a period in which both sides of the defence argument will have to scrutinise their case and subject it to more vigorous attack and more skilful manoeuvre than ever before. For the first time in this country's history neutralism and unilateralism have moved into the heavyweight class. This means that the supporters of Nato will have to show how this support can be reconciled with the avowed aims of foreign policy.

Equally, the unilateralists will have to spell out their criticisms and policies far more clearly and constructively than they have yet done. Slogans will be at a discount and so, it is to be hoped, will mere abuse. And in the process we may find, as George Brown suggested early in the discussions of the Executive's new statement, that once again the majority of us have become divided by confusion over words, rather than by policies.

In the meantime I do not believe we need fear that our discussions will provide a happy hunting ground for Mr Krushchev. On the contrary. The uncommitted nations, and particularly the Afro-Asian group, have already been heartened and encouraged by our decision to scrutinise the role and policies of Nato. As a result they will be strengthened in the pursuit of their own neutralism and of its essential element: the building up of the authority of the UN – two developments which Mr Krushchev fears today even more than Mr Dulles used to do.

Finally the decisions of Scarborough on public ownership will compel us to look this

bogey in the face at last. There is no evidence that this issue played any part in the last election; we must be ready to see that it does so in the next. We must get down to the job of making it relevant to all the other issues on which we have fought, meaningful and challenging to the man in the street. It would be tragic if, in our arguments about defence, we were to lose sight of this over-riding priority.

The legacies of Scarborough, therefore, are not unmanageable, provided we close our ears to the interested advice which will come pouring in, telling us that we are so divided that only a split or a purge can cure our ills. What we are experiencing is our own wind of change. If it is allowed to blow freely it can cleanse the party of a lot of stale thinking which has engendered apathy. But if we try to close the windows on it, we shall suffocate the cause of social democracy – perhaps for good.

Battle Report from Manhattan

K. S. KAROL

Nikita Krushchev's departure has brought the Congress of Manhattan to an end. Even though the speeches go on in the UN Assembly, the meeting has lost its main interest – like a play acted by understudies. There will be no more dramatics; no more will the spectators await the opening of each session with bated breath. It is time, then, to attempt a preliminary summing-up.

Krushchev spent four weeks in New York, a place of which he has said: 'This is not a city but a monument of stone and concrete, with no greenery and no air'. It is not, then, because of some sneaking admiration for Manhattan (as many US citizens believe) that Krushchev chose to spend such a long time away from his desk in the Kremlin. Nor, I think, was it in order to discuss disarmament. He made this plain to Harold Macmillan, and at the Press Club dinner he emphasised that no serious debate could take place on disarmament until after the presidential election. In any case, he brought no substantially new proposals with him, and his final speech on Tuesday dealt with such purely procedural points as the location and methods of future disarmament talks – a task which Mr Zorin could equally well have discharged. Finally, it seems improbable that Krushchev came here to secure Mr Hammarskjold's scalp. He himself has admitted that he knew in advance that the Secretary-General would not resign under pressure.

I believe, therefore, that Krushchev's principal aim in attending the Assembly was to broach the question of reforming the UN structure, and it is on this point that his success or failure should be judged. As I said last week, the methods Krushchev employed to do this were clumsy, and the US delegate had some evidence for his contention that the neutrals are now turning from Russia. But since then, the Americans, both in the UN and abroad, seem to have done their best to push the waverers back into the Soviet camp. There was the unfortunate procedural battle to defeat Nehru and the five-power neutral resolution. The Americans made it plain that they do not scruple to use the same methods which Congress employs to block Civil Rights bills to prevent an embarrassing debate in this international forum. US procedural tactics and hair-splitting made a bad impression on many neutral states.

Krushchev's case was also assisted by the presidential candidates. Here, for instance, is Cabot Lodge's answer to a question about American successes at the UN: 'Let me point to the U-2 case. If there ever was a case where we didn't have the law on our side it was the U-2 case, and yet when the Soviet Union proceeded against us in the Security Council they got the most dreadful defeat'. How, indeed, could the Russians be presented with a better proof of their contention that the Americans have transformed the UN into a mere debating-society equipped with a mechanical majority?

The need to 'liberate' the UN from US control is thus deeply felt among a wide spectrum of nations. It is too soon to predict whether the battle will crystallise around the secretariat or whether alternative changes will be advanced. But one thing is certain: the *status quo* cannot be maintained much longer, for the great majority of the small countries want to transform the UN into an effective instrument which genuinely reflects world opinion. In this sense, Krushchev has successfully sown doubt in their minds. I have talked to a good many neutral delegates and there is no doubt that they are worried and dissatisfied.

To be sure, a solution will not be easy. The neutrals want to stick together; at the same time many of them want to avoid forming a third rigid bloc on Cold War lines. The Burmese delegate said to me: 'Setting up a new grouping of states would mean by the very nature of things a bloc policy, and it would result in a further splitting up of an already divided world'. I know that this delegate has discussed the subject at length with Nehru and that the latter shares this view. On the other hand, Nkrumah, for instance, would like to create a sort of buffer-bloc to prevent collisions between East and West. Despite these varying solutions, all the neutrals are well aware that the eastern bloc, with its mere eight votes, is in no position to dominate the Assembly, and that for the moment the main problem is how to ensure the unfettered discussion of subjects which the US finds distasteful and which she employs the western bloc vote to suppress. The fact that this problem is now a principal concern of the Afro-Asians in itself constitutes, I believe, a success for Krushchev.

But this, of course, rests on the assumption that East-West talks can take place again, and that both sides continue to avail themselves of the UN. For the moment, Mr Macmillan is the only western leader on speaking terms with Krushchev. This is fine as far as it goes, and Macmillan certainly deserves credit for his patient efforts. I doubt all the same whether his apparent optimism is justified; indeed, I fear it rests to some extent on linguistic misunderstandings. Krushchev told us at the press dinner that Macmillan promised him a Summit in April and that he even agreed to a special UN session on disarmament. Krushchev would hardly have invented such promises, but how can Macmillan have been authorised to make them? True, before he saw Krushchev he talked to Ike in Washington; but Ike himself cannot commit his successor to an April Summit. It is absurd to talk of a common Anglo-US position: America is now in suspended animation and has no position at all. As a mere foreigner I suspend judgment on the way Macmillan's mind works. Malcolm Muggeridge's view is that Macmillan is a 'frightful clot', who speaks a subtle Old Etonian brand of language from which Krushchev picks out only what he chooses to hear: such conversations breed a mutual belief that agreement has been reached without supplying any real basis for it. Certainly, both these men want a Summit and this in itself is ground for optimism, but it is not enough to lead us to assume that one will take place, still less to start talking about dates.

Nehru, who, after the rejection of his motion, spent more time in the New York theatres and museums than in the Assembly, left the city in a confident mood, and added a paradoxical footnote to this momentous gathering in a speech which shocked Americans and Russians equally. 'Of all countries', he said, 'the United States and the Soviet Union are nearer to each other than any two countries in the world. Both take their stand on technology and what I call the machine civilisation'. Similarity is not, of course, a guarantee of harmony: even twin brothers can fight. But after following the debates here I agree with Nehru on one point: the two super-powers of the machine civilisation really do not possess the qualities to guide the world. More than ever, my mind goes back to the steadfast conviction of Aneurin Bevan that a Socialist Britain could play a decisive role in assuring peace and in enabling the voice of reason to be heard in the world.

London Diary

CRITIC

The Tories are cohesive and adhesive. It is against their nature to split. An eminent Conservative has described to me the agonised consciences that were displayed – but only in the committee rooms – during the Suez crisis. The number of right-wing rebels who publicly maintained their opposition was very few, and so it will be again if Mr Macmillan, as seems probable, stands squarely behind the Monckton report. Probably the publication of the report just before the conference is timed so that all the steam will have been let off before parliament meets. There will certainly be a schemozzle of unusual dimensions, but the suggestion that Duncan Sandys will lead a Tory revolt is just a bit of nonsense that the Beaverbrook press has thought up. Hinchingbrooke and a few others will no doubt protest violently; others like him will find their principles deeply outraged by Macleod, who better combines ability and liberalism than any other Colonial Secretary in my recollection. But then Hinchingbrooke is regarded by the Tories rather as Maxton once was by the Labour Party and Emyrs Hughes is today. He is respected, personally popular and treasured as an eccentric. All parties like to have such figures amongst them to express the principles of the party they declare but regularly jettison.

* * *

I sometimes wonder whether Mr Gaitskell is not embarrassed by the shower of bouquets heaped upon him by the Tory press. They say, of course, what we all know to be quite true. In a party which hasn't at present many commanding figures, his ability and

strength of character are outstanding. I have often attacked him and so has this journal and always for the same reason. The headlines this week have proved our point a thousand times over. 'Gaitskell's Revenge' is surely an odd tribute when we remember that it was his own party against whom he was avenging himself. 'Two to One for Gaitskell' in the headlines sounds as if we were playing a football match in which the captain had scored two goals against his own side. In short, I have nothing against Gaitskell except that he splits the party he is supposed to be leading and is fighting a battle against friends who were perfectly prepared to work with him on the basis of those compromises which are essential to the leadership of a coalition such as the Labour movement must be.

* * *

Interest in the South African referendum mainly turns on South Africa's future relations with the Commonwealth. Malaya, Ghana, Canada and India have all said they will vote against an application by Verwoerd for membership. Their reason of course is that the vote for a republic represents only a majority of the white fifth of the population and even that was achieved mainly by the aid of Nationalist indoctrined teenagers. The Nationalists did not get the support of many Afrikaaners who form a much bigger percentage of the population than is shown in the vote. Internally, the decision for a republic, which Verwoerd is probably to declare not less than a year from now, will make no difference. Apartheid will go on as before and the shout in Natal for secession won't, I think, come to much once the economic realities are recognised. So the real issue is whether an arrangement can be made with a republican South Africa similar to that made with republican Eire. Simply to dissociate South Africa from the Commonwealth means that four-fifths of the population are deprived of the benefits of Commonwealth citizenship – which is very important, especially to political refugees. It would also make life more difficult for Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland. The British government might well be wise to continue to recognise South Africans' right of immigration, while securing a Commonwealth pledge to guarantee the independence of the High Commission territories.

* * *

The unfamiliar flags in the Mall this week are flying for the King of Nepal. He is an unusual monarch – perhaps the only one alive whose poems have been published and relished by his subjects. He has had an unusual history. The first 30 years of his life – he was born in 1920 – he spent with his father, virtually prisoners in their own palace. In November 1950 he and his father, who had progressive views and a great deal of courage, sought asylum in the Indian embassy in Katmandu. Their flight was the signal for revolution against the Ranas. Since he became King in 1955, he has done what no previous King of Nepal ever did; he has travelled on horse and by foot over the whole of his country, most of which is inaccessible except by bridle track. When I met him myself in Nepal a few years ago, he was ruling autocratically, and politicians were asking if he would carry out his promise to hold elections. He did. On my second visit, early this year, everyone told me about the success of the elections, which gave a vast majority to the Nepali Congress Party. He has shown himself ready to back progressive politics domestically, and in foreign affairs his first objective has been to bring Nepal out of its isolation. Nepal is now a member of the UN and has diplomatic representatives in many Asian and European countries. Fifty Nepalese students under the Colombo Plan and similar agencies are in this country. Gradually people here will cease to think of Nepal merely as the place where Everest is and where the British recruit Gurkhas.

* * *

John Berger's article in this issue on the deplorable failure of most museums to educate the public is powerfully reinforced by Sir Mortimer Wheeler's strictures on the British Museum. Since it is near my office, I sometimes stroll there at lunchtime and always come away feeling vaguely depressed: such a fantastic wealth of treasures, presented with such confusion. I'm sure that some of the cases have not been re-arranged since I was first taken there as a schoolboy. What can be done with a miscellaneous collection is shown by Trenchard Cox's brilliant transformation of the Victoria and Albert, which is now one of the delights of London. A really well-arranged exhibition can open new windows of the mind. I remember how John Berger visited the Louvre's big Poussin show this summer: I wonder if he would regard it as an exception. People, who had always regarded Poussin as a monumental soporific (a great painter, of course, but uninteresting) came away from the exhibition feeling they had been in contact with a powerful intelligence, whose workings had been ingeniously and systematically illustrated by the way the paintings were presented. They weren't even tired – a sure sign of good museumship.

* * *

In this age of science it becomes increasingly easy to believe anything. After all, many things that science does today would have been dismissed as superstitions only a generation ago; to fly to the moon is no longer a symbol of the impossible. So why not accept what we are told about flying saucers? Reporting the first annual Flying Saucers Convention two weeks ago, John Morgan understood that these invaders from outer space were benign beings, anxious to save us from our own follies. But I now learn that their celestial character is a matter of theological dispute. I've received a letter from a gentleman who has clearly been in close touch with the operators of these machines. He tells us that they are in fact callously indifferent to the fate of humanity and probably 'responsible for the recent vagaries of the weather and for the Agadir and Chilean earthquakes.' He finds it difficult to persuade publishers to present his scientific evidence for this view and complains that audiences prefer the more optimistic heresy. This is an old Earth complaint.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

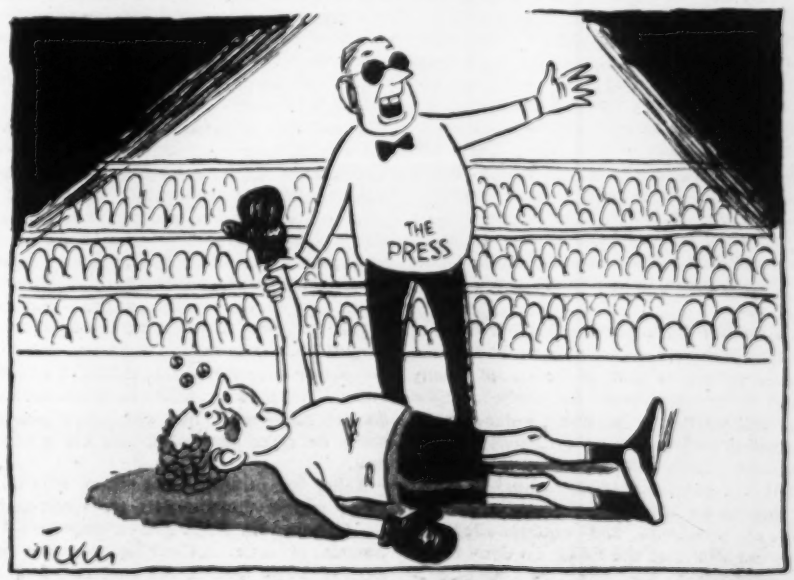
One of the original kittens had been killed by the Mau Mau and his preserved body was flown to England, said Miss Coton. She went on: 'He was the son of a cat whose picture appeared on National Savings posters. We felt it was only right for him to be buried in his own country.' – *Daily Mirror.* (Mrs. M. Hole.)

'We choose a number of men from the studio audience', said Mr Philip Wedge, AR's Manager of Quiz Programmes. 'We tie ladies' corsets round their waists, and the first to get their corsets off and hold them above their heads are put on the programme. We find this gives us the right sort of contestant in a high proportion of cases'. – *Evening Standard.* (T. Gompertz.)

Drivers in the Public Cleansing Department of Westminster City Council met with a view to taking strike action because a Jamaican was promoted from dustman to driver-dustman. – *Daily Telegraph.* (G. S. Burton.)

Members of Bridlington Chamber of Trade do not like the names 'shop hands' and 'shop assistants,' and think they should be altered to something which sounds better. Suggestions made by members are 'retail tacticians,' 'sales staff,' and 'counter public relations officers.' – *Guardian.* (A. L. Beales.)

In a small cupboard in my flat, used for storing the two daily papers, *The Times* and the *Daily Express*, there is a mouse. The *Daily Express* is eaten avidly, *The Times* not touched. Is there an explanation? – *John O' London's.* (J. E. Lloyd.)



'The Winnah!'

Face to Face

JOHN FREEMAN

Twice this year disquiet has been widely and responsibly expressed about methods of TV interviewing. Phrases such as 'third degree', 'brain-washing' and 'amateur psychiatry' have been bandied about in the press and accepted without much examination. Since in both cases – Mr Frank Foulkes last February and Mr Gilbert Harding last month – I was the interviewer called in question, and since some of these criticisms seem to me to raise a real issue of freedom of speech, perhaps I may be permitted to put a different point of view.

The case of Mr Foulkes was straightforward enough and might never have led to controversy outside the ranks of the Communists and their apologists if a group of Labour MPs had not written to *The Times* complaining that my questions to Mr Foulkes, in the BBC programme *Panorama*, about specific and widely-publicised allegations of malpractice in his union amounted to public trial by television: I was described as 'a self-appointed public prosecutor . . . coercing him by challenge to prove his innocence'. In the ensuing correspondence the MPs were seen off so effectively by such varied champions of journalistic freedom as Malcolm Muggeridge, Francis Williams, Woodrow Wyatt, Christopher Chataway and Lord Boothby that on that occasion I did not reply to them.

It is perhaps relevant in discussing the subsequent criticism of my handling, in very different circumstances, of Mr Gilbert Harding to say now that I did not – and do not on reflection – accept the judgment that the Foulkes interview was an abuse. Mr Foulkes was one of the central figures in a series of events which concerned the public interest and gave rise to widespread scandal. *Panorama* is a review of current affairs, and its purpose is to illuminate such matters for its viewers. My duty on that occasion, not as a 'self-appointed public prosecutor', but as the professional journalist assigned to the job of interviewing Mr Foulkes, was to question him as stringently as I could on the viewers' behalf about the matters of public concern for which he was responsible. My questions were strictly relevant to his responsibilities, courteously put – and as sharp as I could make them. In so far as they implied criticism of Mr Foulkes's conduct, they went no further than the already existing allegations of malpractice which he was there – incidentally at his own request – to answer. Even the much publicised 'challenge' to him to bring an action for libel against those journals (including the NEW STATESMAN) responsible for publishing the allegations, was no more than a public expression of the question which was already being asked inside every newspaper office.

It is not for me to say whether Mr Foulkes answered these questions well or badly; but what is certain is that, if he stood in any serious sense condemned by public opinion after this interview, he was condemned by his answers and not by my questions – which were those which must have been put to him by any competent journalist who had taken the trouble to unravel the complicated network of allegation and counter-allegation about the affairs of the ETU. To deny to the TV interviewer the right of questioning which, subject to the laws of libel and contempt, is conceded almost without query to the newspaper journalist, is unnaturally to limit the freedom of television to serve the public, whether as a purveyor of news and ideas or as a watchdog.

Of course television techniques can be abused – as can the printed word. My point is that in this case they were not; that the complaints indicated an unreasonable touchiness about the legitimate probing of responsible public inquiry. So high, indeed, is the sense of public duty in the editorial control of BBC news and current affairs that the likelihood of any significant abuse in this specialised field of television interviewing is very much smaller than in the daily press. In any case, few responsible critics of the press, disgusted by the intrusion and impertinence of some of the gossip writers, would suggest that the cause of freedom would be helped by limiting the right of serious journalists to ask embarrassing questions about matters of public concern.

The Harding case is a different, and far more debatable, matter. The BBC's interview programme *Face to Face*, with which I have been associated, subjects selected public figures to sustained personal questioning before the cameras – without necessarily any particular topical news-peg. People appear on this programme by their own choice: nobody has ever been subjected to any sort of improper pressure; the names of those who, being invited, have preferred the haven of discreet obscurity have never been divulged – nor yet those of that more sanguine company who hopefully press their claims to public exposure. From time to time during the series it has seemed profitable to spend the time digging for what can loosely be called a 'news' story. For instance, I do not regret persuading Lord Shawcross, on the morrow of his appointment to the Monckton Commission, to define with valuable, if embarrassing, precision his personal view of its terms of reference; or inviting Herbert Morrison, in reply to Lord Attlee and others, to give his version of some of the more controversial episodes in his public career. But usually and basically the purpose of *Face to Face* has been to try, by question and answer, to induce public figures to remove the mask which they habitually present to the world, to peel off the layers of protective covering and let the viewers see what lies beneath.

Given that objective, there is at once a problem of taste and judgment for the interviewer. How much protective covering can be removed without indecency? Very often in practice the question will not arise: it can easily take 20 minutes of the keenest questioning to induce most public figures to surrender, metaphorically, the hat and gloves in which they choose to confront the world. And if you are going to penetrate the outer wrapping at all, the questions must be, within the bounds of courtesy, sharp, intrusive and persistent. The problem arises because, once you do get underneath the wrappings, you can never be quite sure what you are going to find.

Take, for instance, two recent examples: many people thought that the interrogation of Gilbert Harding had transgressed the bounds of taste. An earlier interview with Stirling Moss was, as far as I can find out, equally widely held to be both acceptable and successful. Yet the two sets of questions ran closely in parallel. In both cases I judged that the key to character might lie behind superficial inconsistencies in their known behaviour: Harding, the rough-tongued curmudgeon *versus* Harding, the kindly sentimentalist; and Moss, the playboy *versus* Moss, the iron-willed self-disciplinarian. In both cases it occurred to me that their attitude to fear and death might serve as a catalyst of the real human personality. Thus I asked them many of the same questions – questions which bounced off the extravert Moss and cut far deeper than many people thought seemly into the more complicated, and perhaps less integrated, Harding. The fact that, through a clumsy misunderstanding, I maladroitly asked Harding one question which upset both him and the viewers, does not alter the point. In each instance the public got a clear and genuine glimpse of the real man behind the mask. Indeed, in Harding's case, that one moment of poignancy – fortuitous though it was – illuminated for millions of viewers the private decency and sensibility of a public figure who had previously been stereotyped as something of an ogre.

It seems to me that those who object to these programmes, on the ground that they are in some way 'indecent' or 'intrusive', ought to face the central question: Is it desirable to remove the wrappings from our public figures? I think it is. I think that, in an age which is perhaps contributing more to the art of packaging than to any of the deeper-seated virtues, responsible public opinion is strengthened by the ability to meet public figures without their masks. So far, mass communications have been used far more to spread the siren-call of the public-relations man than to project the uncomfortable angularities of truth. As public idols become superficially more and more widely known, an ever greater investment is made in the image. Who is Gaitskell? Is Supermac a myth? What bones does Harding grind? Nobody knows: hardly anybody bothers to inquire. *Face to Face* has set out, not only by its methods of questioning, but also by the unwinking scrutiny of its cameras, to enable the viewer in his home to meet the famous with an immediacy and intimacy possible in no other medium and to pass his own judgments on them.

If it is thought that this is desirable, then one or two other considerations follow. The first is that the process of unwrapping can be accomplished only by the keenest and most concentrated questioning (involving, of course, the risk of an occasional error of judgment or lapse of taste). The second is that there is no formula which can ensure success: for each Carl Gustav Jung there will be a von Senger, for each Sitwell a Gulbenkian; every subject presents a new and individual problem which must be solved for the first time. The third is that occasionally the process of unwrapping will reveal a private reality shocking to those who value cosiness above all else in their viewing; but that risk is inseparable from the process itself.

Whether it is worth taking is ultimately for the viewer to judge. I should like to suggest, however, that the judgment has implications which go far wider than liking or disliking a single not very important television programme or one particular interviewer's style. It would seem to me a pity if the most potent medium of communication since Caxton were to be wrapped up for ever in a cocoon of panel games and polite evasions in order to avoid shocking those who find it more comfortable to live with the image than the reality.

CND's Future

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Is it possible at this moment to write a straightforward piece 'on the CND's future'? (This was my billing here last week.) It is not. CND is a very loose organisation. This is one of its virtues, and here let me add that in Canon Collins, untiring, friendly and flexible, but always purposeful, it has had a chairman in a million. Nevertheless, the Campaign *is* an organisation, and has not yet taken stock of the unilateralist victory at Scarborough. All I can do here is to state some personal opinions and make some guesses.

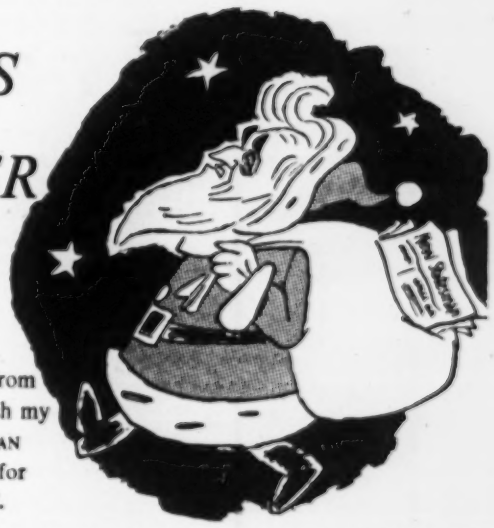
To show how wrong I can be I will confess that I was against the Aldermaston March. This was simply because I myself dislike marching, banner-carrying, slogan-shouting, mass demonstrations. And although I have talked to audiences about the nuclear danger not only in many parts of this country but also in six other countries, I dislike meetings too, and wish I had attended my last. But of course I was wrong about the March, which has done more for the Campaign than any other of its activities. Its sheer size and weight broke the shameful boycott of CND by most of the press. It attracted, as nothing else could have done, a lot of young people, high-spirited but serious-minded.

These youngsters deserve something better than jeers at their beards, queer hair-dos and pants. They are Britain coming alive again, marching instead of sleep-walking. They may not know a lot. They may not even know how many miscalculations and tragic blunders lie behind the terrible dilemma we are in now. They may not realise, being young, that these instruments of total destruction, which did not represent what ordinary people felt, had to have popular feeling immensely heightening by unceasing propaganda to justify their existence. But coming new to the situation, fresh and lively themselves and wanting to stay alive, they saw that something was terribly wrong. They took the Bomb seriously, unlike some Labour right-wing men I have listened to, who took it so lightly they made you feel it must be full of chocolates.

They saw, these youngsters, before they marched, that what was happening here in Britain, which was *where they lived* and not just an area on an expert's map, was simply not good enough for them, even if their parents put up with it. Nuclear arms were piling up, the East-West situation was obviously deteriorating, yet all they had to offset this were murmurs of a disarmament agreement sometime, somewhere. And this agreement would be reached with a power, they were told, so ruthless, pitiless, treacherous, monstrous, that it would not hesitate – even though such a move would be against its best interests – to threaten with nuclear attack a Britain that had renounced the deterrent.

So we were dealing with monsters, but hoped to reach a sensible agreement with them. Out of deepening distrust, suspicion and fear, through the aid of technical committees and arms inspectors, presumably all-powerful magicians, mutual trust and a peaceful co-existence would gradually emerge. But if this is not a world in which Britain can afford to renounce the deterrent, to walk out of the nuclear arms race, then it is not a world in which you can keep on heightening

CHRISTMAS IN OCTOBER



All over the world there are NEW STATESMAN readers, and from time to time they send us appreciative letters. Recently, for instance, a subscriber wrote from the Canary Islands to say: 'I wish my subscription to the NEW STATESMAN to survive as long as I do. Don't for goodness sake stop forwarding it'.

Many other people who would appreciate the NEW STATESMAN just as much do not, unfortunately, have the opportunity of seeing it. It is with these in mind that we invite readers at this odd time of year to give reduced-rate subscriptions to the NEW STATESMAN as Christmas presents to friends overseas. Christmas is still some way ahead, but action is necessary now if first copies are to reach their destination by the right day. (A similar offer to friends in this country will be made later.)

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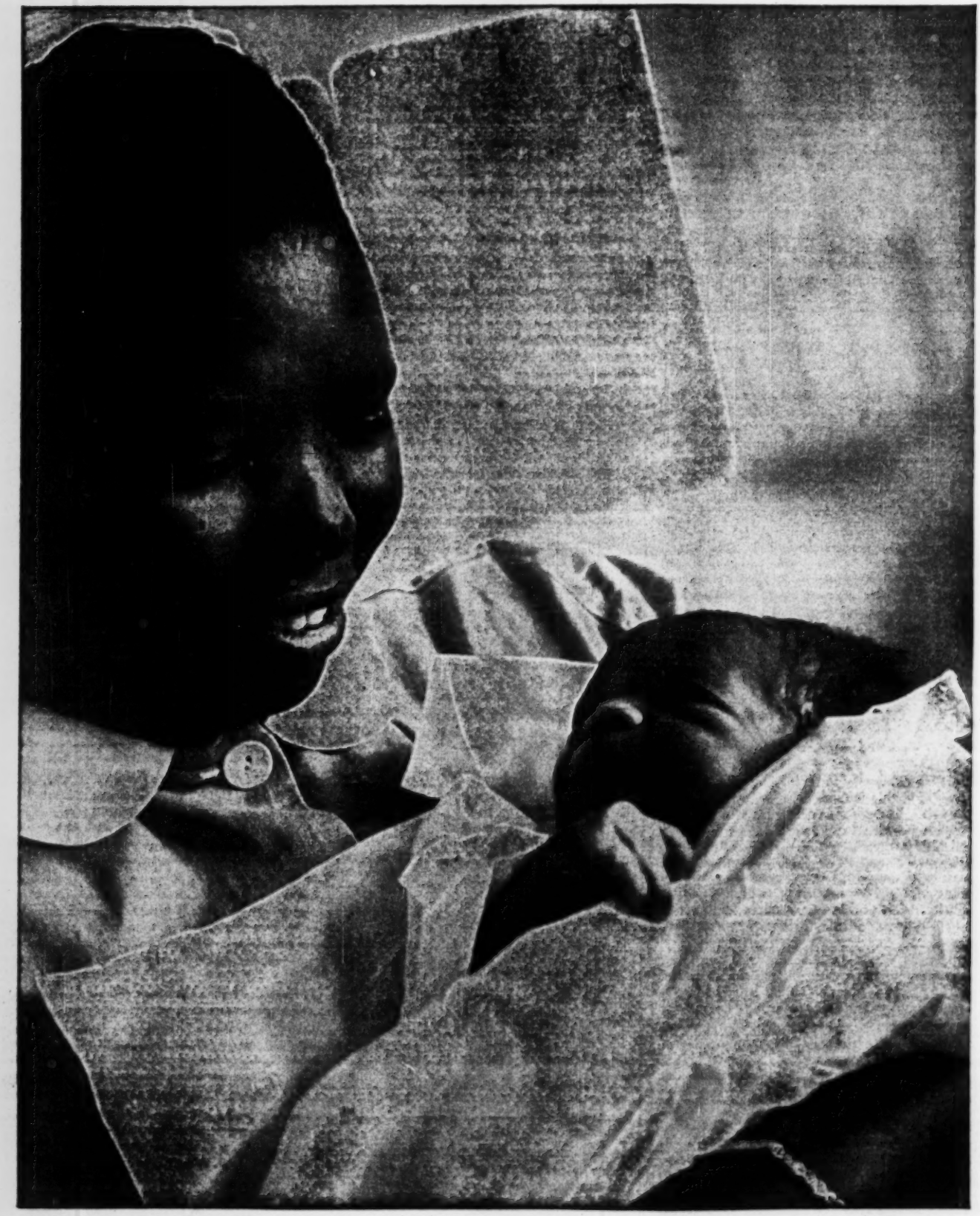
Good news from Africa

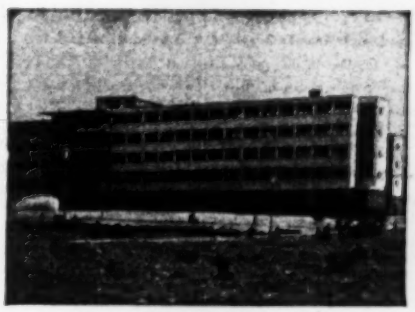


HEALTH
the big leap forward

MUCH OF THE NEWS from Africa nowadays is bad news, but there is good news too. Let facts have a hearing. The health of seven million Africans was a major responsibility taken over by the Federal Government when the three countries of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland joined together in 1953. They had to fight disease in many forms —and over a vast area. But they had two massive advantages. They had a real determination to give the African the best possible chance of a healthy life. And Federation provided the means to bring this about. For the first time Central Africa had a unified health plan. For the first time people could think big in health matters—and get big results. Here is the story of seven momentous years.

Health expenditure doubled

Much more money was needed and the success of the Federal Government in providing it is shown by these figures. In 1953 expenditure on health for the three territories was about 4¼ million pounds—by 1960 this had been increased to over 9 million pounds. The greatest increase was in Nyasaland, where health expenditure has trebled in the last seven years. The most modern hospitals, the most advanced equipment for all types of treatment, the whole network of state aid to the sick and injured—they are all at the disposal of the African. And this policy has produced



NEW HOSPITALS FOR AFRICANS *The Llewellin Hospital at Kitwe, Northern Rhodesia, is one of the ultra-modern central hospitals built for all races during the 1950's.*

results. In seven years there has been a sharp rise in the African expectation of life. Many more Africans are enjoying a useful and healthy old age. Further great improvements are expected as the new health policy gathers momentum.

Partnership against disease

European skill and resources behind the African desire to learn: these are the forces that are making the health service work. *It is partnership in progress.* The big task for the Federal Government is to train Africans as doctors, nurses and medical orderlies to take their place in the fight against disease. Medical workers *of all races* are being trained in the Federation's hospitals. Plans are now well advanced to establish a medical school at the multi-racial University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland at Salisbury. Associated with it will be a new multi-racial teaching hospital to be built shortly by the Federal Government.

Battle against disease in the bush

There remains the greatest problem—to fight disease in the undeveloped districts. The attack is many-sided: the mobile hygiene units that go deep into the rural areas to fight disease at its source, the rural dispensaries, the clinics and subsidised medical missions, and an ever-growing network of hospitals.

"THE PATIENT IS DOING WELL." *The health of African children is the trust of African and European doctors and nurses working side by side.*

Health is only one of many fields in which tremendous progress has been made since Federation. African wages and salaries have been raised. 50% more African children are now at school. A non-racial franchise has been introduced. The Federation has already achieved much in Central Africa. It appreciates — perhaps more than anyone — how much remains to be done.

FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND

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the tension and yet expect to reach very soon a sensible agreement to disarm. It may be naive to march from Aldermaston to London, in support of unilateralism, but it is better than being so hypnotised by familiar political clap-trap that you think you can run in two opposite directions at the same time.

It is perhaps worth remarking here that as a youngster in the north 50 years ago when I was beginning to write for the local Labour weekly, I used to read and hear plenty of references to 'long-haired young Socialists'. I have now lived long enough to find Labour leaders jeering in exactly the same way at youngsters fired by the same spirit. 'Irresponsible', 'woolly-minded', 'neutralists', 'fellow-travellers' – anything will do. This reckless calling of names, which some people are going to regret shortly, comes from an anger that is itself the result of savagely suppressed feelings of guilt. (This explains why there has been more of it from Labour than from the Tories, who never feel guilty.)

But what the CND, on its way up, has had to face in other directions has been far more serious. They deserve the attention even of those who disagree with CND policy – that is, if such people still care about personal liberty. I have always argued that the very existence of these nuclear weapons has done great harm to the freedom they are supposed to guard. It is as if a giant rat had been set to watch a corn bin. These obstacles, which represent a threat to other people's liberty as well as ours, are likely to be heightened and strengthened in the immediate future, so they are worth considering.

The antics of our free and fair press – the slanted news, the suppressed reports and interviews, the refusal to print letters of protest – can be ignored here, as they are known to everybody except Establishment after-dinner speakers. But this is not a bad time to point out that if we have had to draw on a rather small panel of speakers for big meetings, one reason is that a great many people of weight, agreeing with CND policy, have felt they could not appear on a public platform with us. Mostly of course they are people holding some kind of official job. In many instances their evidence would have been of great value, but we have had to go without it. Other persons have been victimised because of their connection with the Campaign, and Mrs Duff is now collecting examples. (Please write if you know of one, all in confidence.) And as prominent supporters of CND have been charged with seeking what might be called profitable notoriety, I should like to add here my considered judgment that most open support, by public figures, has meant the sacrifice of other things besides time and energy.

Here, if only as a warning, we might have a note on the British Way. It does not send rebels to collect camel dung in Outer Mongolia, haul them before suspicious senatorial committees, or ban them from state theatres, radio and TV. (By our not having a National Theatre, nobody is banned from it.) In London we have none of this crude authoritarianism. Ours is still a free country. But after all one has to have the right sort of chap for the job, some decent responsible sound type and not one of these fellows half round the bend, eh? So this man is quietly dropped, that woman neatly edged out, not for any political reasons – Good God, no! – but just because he isn't quite, she isn't quite – they wouldn't quite – you know how it is, old boy? That is the British Way. Young Campaigners, you have now been warned.

I believe, as I said at the time, that if last year the Labour Party could have wholeheartedly adopted the CND policy, it might have lost some votes and seats at the general election, but then would have come out fit and fighting mad, a truly formidable opposition. It would have pressed the Bomb issue because it is the livest issue. In these circumstances I for one would not have objected – though I would have understood some other people's objections – if Labour had then swallowed the Campaign. But in the present circumstances we must go on as before. It is true that, as there was not time to change the rules, opponents of the Bomb carried the Labour Party conference, thereby providing – though I fail to see why – Mr Gaitskell and his friends with 'a moral victory'. (Let nobody say these men cannot win victories. They have had them nearly every day in the Tory press.) And for my part, though I agree that CND has moved fast in two-and-a-half years, I think we are still a long way from home. Meanwhile, the 'responsible' men, sensible level-headed fellows, have already brought us to the point when the seas are being sown with rockets and plans are being made to keep H-bomb Sputniks encircling the globe. A little more of this responsibility – and where are we?

The moment has arrived for CND to become a bigger and better and tougher organisation. It will be bigger and better, able to make use of more ambitious ideas for propaganda on a national scale, when it has more money. It is not a subscription-membership organisation, and so far it has done an astonishing amount of work on a shoe-string. Indeed, on the present basis, the more successful we are, with more and more branches and groups coming into existence, the greater the strain on a narrow-budget headquarters staff. This is not a begging piece, so I will only add that if we can have allies for a week in Scarborough, we should not have to reduce our operations everywhere, for want of funds, during the rest of the year. It costs a lot of money just to be able to put a few plain facts in front of people.

Now what do I mean by 'tougher'? I do not mean civil disobedience and plenty of 'direct action', for reasons that have been admirably stated already in this paper. I mean that on every possible occasion we should answer sharply every challenge, criticism, argument. Every dirty lie – and there have been plenty of them – should be nailed down to be publicly examined. All the contradictions and sophistries should be pilloried. People who think they can slap us down with the first bit of nonsense that comes into their heads should be shown how mistaken they are. We should begin to ask pointed questions and demand answers to them. Where is this defence we hear so much about? When does the disarmament agreement, which is going to rescue us soon, begin to take shape? Why, when we already have more than sufficient deterrents to deter anybody from doing anything, do we have to have more and more? At what point do ordinary people, who never asked for any of these things anywhere, have some say? Do you or don't you like these nuclear weapons? And if you don't, what are you doing about it?

But this brings us back to a bigger and better organisation with far more money to spend. If CND had a quarter of the money that has probably been spent advertising Mr Macmillan as a super-detergent, it could bring in a huge host of new supporters, perhaps sweeping the country. But there is a point past which amateur enthusiasm can do no more. True, we have the support of skilled professionals of every kind. But we need money to buy time, space, opportunity, for them. All the mass media are heavily biased against us. We are like a thousand pounds defying ten million. Taking into account the mental climate of this sleep-walking never-had-it-so-good country, we can agree that CND has almost worked a miracle. But this is the dangerous time. From now on it has to be bigger and better and tougher.

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A Common Task

PATRICK McGEENEY

'Students are prepared for the Institute of Meat.' Some years ago, about to enter the field of Further Education, it was this alarming sentence which confronted me from the pages of a technical college prospectus. A term later, having experienced the classroom malpractices of teenage butchers, I began to wonder whether it was I who was being prepared for the Institute of Meat – minced meat, in fact.

The craft apprentices were, if anything, worse. Among them was Yardley, an engineer of enviable skill in controlling the class. It was he who taught me to begin to teach. Over six feet long, he had his own brand of hirsute elegance: enormous beetle-crushers encasing phosphorescent socks; a charcoal block of suiting, velvet-trimmed; a sheepdog hair-do which had to be curtained aside with both hands for the purposes of conversation; and, with no tie at all, a butterfly collar tucked so tight under his lobes that he couldn't move his head without turning his shoulders. Hardly the 'expectancy and fair rose of state,' he nevertheless had some claim to be the 'glass of fashion'.

On the occasion I have in mind he tiptoed in with the sinister knees-bent creep of the Victorian stage villain, five minutes late. A reasonable toughness being my gambit, I questioned him on the cause of his lateness, and, the schoolmasterly tone getting the better of me, added that if he were at work he would not be allowed to arrive late – so why should he arrive late at college where it was just as much a working day? To which he replied that if he were at work he would arrive 15 minutes late, getting one of his mates to clock him in.

Leisurely, as it was in the firm's time, he drew his slow length out of his topcoat, folding it lovingly across some low cupboards at the rear. To my demand that he hang it up outside, he screwed his face up into a most disconcerting look of grieved concern. 'Just you feel at this cloth, sir – just feel at it.' Bringing it over to me, he added, 'Go on, feel it, sir.'

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Like a fool I complied.

'Well, how much does Sir reckon that cost?'

'I'm not really – '

'Well, how much do you think?'

In desperation I said £10.

'Cor!' in utter disgust. 'No, try again, sir.'

Eventually, in stages of fives, we reached £25.

Holding it up high, he announced: 'Twenty five pahn' – heavy pause – *'twen-ti-five-pahn'* – rapping it with knuckles just like those chaps who sell plates in the market. 'And Sir asks me to leave this outside when there are yobs like this arahnd. Cor!'

I didn't insist.

A quarter of an hour after the lesson was due to begin he was in his desk, but no sooner faced with what he was required to do than he was challenging the purpose of being required to do so. 'What's the idea, sir, of us writin' to a mouldy old farmer to ask if we can camp in his mouldy old field?'

Because he might be called upon *in real life* to do so one day, and would be wishing then that he had taken notice of me. But one look from him convinced me that there was as much chance of his camping in a field as there was of my being proposed as a member of the Athenaeum.

During the labour of composition there was one more item of cross examination. 'How are the marks allocated, sir?' 'Er – five for what you say, and five for the way it is laid out,' and with the rest of them, he got on with it. That evening I saw he had written his address and date, the salutation, then 'I wish to ask for permission to camp in your field,' followed by a blank space of 12 lines, and finally the subscription. Irritably I gave him two out of ten.

The following week, on receipt of his book, Yardley resumed the cross examination. 'Did you or did you not say, sir, five for layout and five for what we wrote? Well – I admit I didn't write much, but what's wrong with the layout? It's perfect, commas an' all. Come on, sir, fair's fair.' I conceded, begrudgingly altering his mark to five. The idea that a mark is an end in itself, that writing could be enjoyable or useful. . . .

'Has Sir read today's *Mirror* yet?' Yardley again.

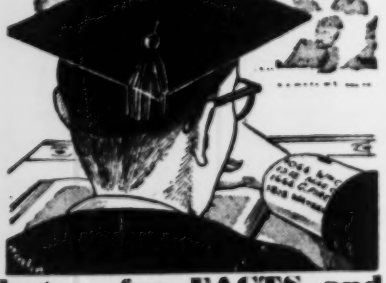
'No, I haven't and. . . .'

Relentless in the pursuit of my deficiencies in popular newspaper reading, he politely inquired if he might read one item – just a snitch of an item, sir – to the class. Not entirely ignorant of the possibilities in the way of subject matter, I compromised by insisting that I read first what turned out to be an abusive letter from an irate adult upon the dress, manners, and morals of teenagers. Another blunder, for the moment after I began reading I knew I was being identified with the opinions expressed.

'He ought to be stuffed, he ought, and put in a museum.'

Cunningly, I said: 'How about writing a letter to the editor? I will help you.'

A week later, Yardley arrived five minutes early, still mesmerised by the sight of his own name in print, and as I congratulated him there gleamed a mutual recognition of membership of the human race, in the common task of educating others through the written word.



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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Museum Mandarins

JOHN BERGER

Last week the television programme *Tonight* showed some self-portraits by Van Gogh and then proceeded to ask people in the street whether, if they were painting self-portraits, they would want to flatter themselves or not. The point of this cumbersome exercise was, I presume, to emphasise that Van Gogh didn't want to flatter himself. Vincent, go to the top of the class! Such crass over-simplification is not in the least uncommon. Art has become 'popular'. The Picasso exhibition is more crowded than the Motor Show. Yet how much is understood? I run the risk of being accused of overbearing intellectual snobbery when I say: Very little. Yet I am certain that very little is understood and I am not an intellectual snob. The reason why few people understand anything about art today is that the subject has been made impossibly difficult to learn. Knowledge is kept as a secret privilege.

During the last year I have been to most of the famous art galleries of Europe. I have seen the crowds wandering through – like those who walk through a fair but spend nothing. I have seen them watch the copyists copying – this is the best side show of all. I have seen them peering at the name plates, pronouncing the household name, glancing at the canvas and then moving on to the next one before they breathe out the air they've just breathed in. I have seen them hurry to the shrines – *The Night Watch, The Sistine Madonna* (even the titles are misleading) – expectant as pilgrims about to be disappointed. I have seen them pass by masterpieces hung in corners. I have heard guides chanting their half-truths and lies. Most memorably of all, I have seen the crowds coming out again into the open air. They have walked through the halls of the great and now they want to sit down in a bus and rest their feet.

The responsibility for this state of affairs rests squarely with the museum administrators. It is not the public whom I want to attack but the museum mandarins. Some believe in having their paintings cleaned, others don't. Some choose coloured wall papers, others pin their faith to white walls. Some hang high, some hang low. There is plenty for them to discuss. And on top of this there is the backroom 'creative' work. New attributions must be made – isn't the *Dark Horse* possibly by Jardin? Old attributions must be defended: Popper inclines to the view that the *Prodigal Son* is a studio work. This, however, suggests that he dates it five years earlier than Moppé. It appears unlikely on stylistic grounds that it can in fact antedate the Antwerp *Drinking Party*. F. Supper includes it in his Catalogue Raisonné, accepted by Kross.

In a word, the mandarins are collectors, robbed of real power. Their worries are trivial but entirely concerned with the priceless objects in their keeping. The public are incidental. They must be supplied with lavatories, postcards and entrance tickets. But the very idea that anything in the gallery should be arranged in order to enlighten or educate the public is anathema to them. It is vulgar for a host to systematically indoctrinate his guests – even if they are largely unwanted guests. Art is an embellishment of the good life. Scholarship is disinterested. Art must speak for itself. These men not only cherish works of art which once belonged to the ruling class, they also in their mean way cherish their privileged outlook.

Nor is the result of this merely a question of the public being denied something which is their right. They are sold something which is actually false. If works of art from different cultures and centuries are all presented without explanation and without the slightest attempt to use them ideologically, the public must naturally deduce that the value of a work of art is unchanging, timelessly self-evident, absolute. The crowds, who wander down the Grande Galerie in the Louvre, pause to look at the *Mona Lisa* as they might look at some holy embodiment of pure virtue. It is not an object made with intent by a man. It is something which has suffered a visitation. It is the greatest picture in the world. And for that very reason (for what have we ordinary folk to do with the greatest things in the world?) it is soon dismissed from the mind.

A heavy price is paid for this falsely generated sense of awe when the public is confronted with so-called modern work. If art is timeless, why need it change? Why can't it stay as it was – a long way off, comforting, beautiful – like the Christmases of childhood? What worries the public about Picasso is that he may be tricking them. This is a perfectly reasonable worry. If they have been encouraged to believe that art is a

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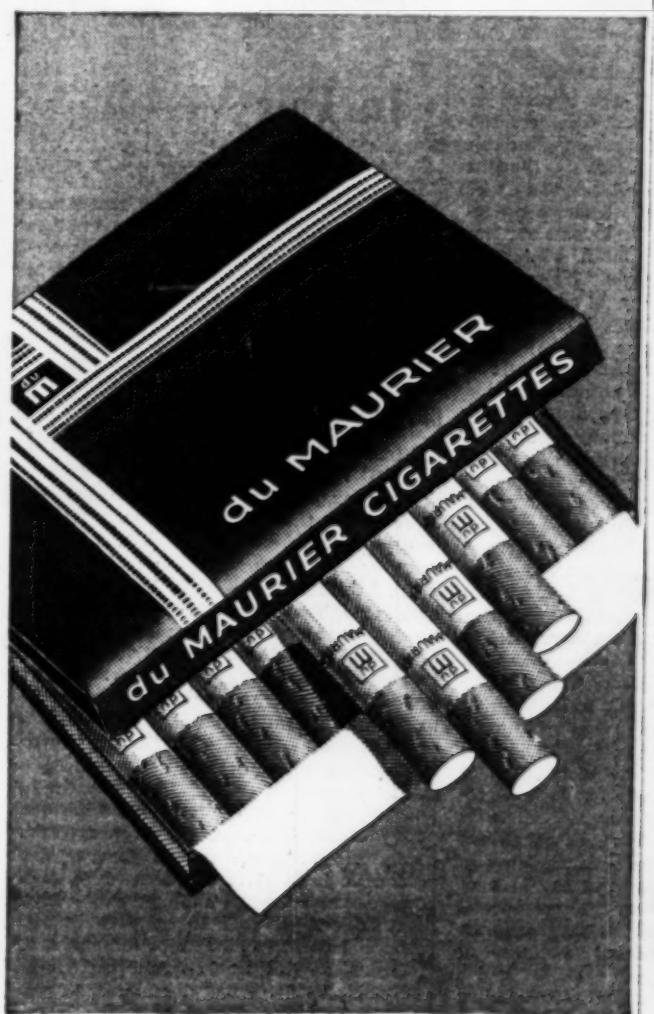

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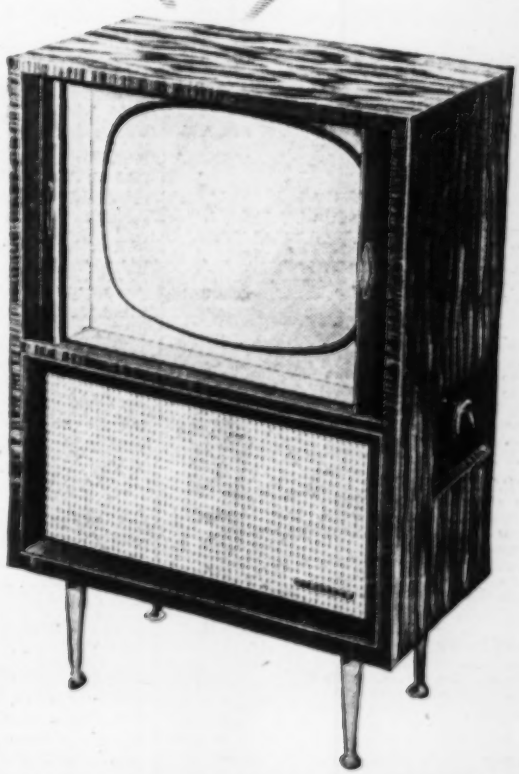

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unique activity and eternally self-explanatory, then when they look at Picassos, they are bound to feel tricked. It isn't, however, Picasso who has tricked them.

What is the alternative? If none had ever been offered, the contemporary mandarins could claim ignorance. This, however, is not the case. During the last ten years of reaction, they have deliberately chosen to ignore and forget ideas and projects which were well known in the Twenties and Thirties. Let me quote from Alexander Dorner. He was the director of the Hanover museum until Nazism; he then went to the States. Finally the museums of the future may owe much to his pioneering example. Nearly 30 years ago he wrote:

> That so large and expensive institutions as art museums should still have no other purpose but to fill the visitor with separate emotional impressions that whirl around in his head as the pictures of a kaleidoscope, is a thought hard to bear . . . Isn't this kind of culture outdated and an escape from actual life? Isn't such a kind of education apt to prevent understanding of our present? Considering that art history has reached the point where it can give us a clear line of evolution from prehistory into our present one might call it unfair to the public. To prove the existence of such an evolution and to convey it through the eyes and the mind means no less than to prove that there is a meaning in the growth of man's visual understanding . . . As soon as the visitor is made to understand that all the works displayed are no longer models for us but steps leading to us, he will look upon the museum as a living part of our times.

How do you carry out such a policy in practice? The specific possibilities are too various to give a complete answer. One can state certain general principles. Modern works should be exhibited beside works of the past. The question of whether a collection is representative should become far less important than the question of whether it explains what it does possess. Photographs of works in other places should be shown to make significant comparisons. Works should be arranged to demonstrate an argument: this argument should be stated in words that all can see as they progress through the gallery, and at the same time illustrated by other exhibits that have nothing to do with the fine arts. Wherever possible models should be constructed to demonstrate the optical systems underlying different styles: a model demonstrating Renaissance perspective, another for Caravaggio's chiaroscuro, for Pointillism, for Cubism. Scientists, literary scholars and historians should be on the planning committees for all galleries. Bad art should be exhibited and called bad art – with reasons given. (Against this point I can already hear the accusation of Dictatorship! Yet for those who have the privilege of going to a university it is a commonplace of teaching to analyse what makes the bad bad.) Constant use should be made of films and recorded lectures. Facsimile reproductions should be gladly accepted. Galleries like the Louvre would then be judged as absurd as those eighteenth-century ones in which pictures cover every square inch of the wall, and the showing of experimental works without explanation, as happens in the Tate, would be considered a form of cowardice.

Perhaps such a programme seeems at first unrealistic and too far-reaching. Initial steps, however, may be quite modest. A provincial museum curator with little money for acquiring new works and exasperated with having to accept doubtful gifts from donors who want their names in gold, may have to spend such money as he has on buying and arranging photographs and facsimiles. Another may dare to put secular texts on the holy walls, may dare in other words to give the public advice. Yet another may experiment with matching the music of a period with its visual art – and go on to buy some record-players and earphones for his visitors.

And in the long run two material factors will make a profound change inevitable. In the middle of the twentieth century there is a question which can be usefully asked in almost every European context: what is going to happen when the rest of the world follows suit? In this context the question is: what is going to happen when art galleries are set up in every university city of the world? Quite simply the stock of historically hallowed art treasures is going to run out. There won't be enough for curators as collectors. Indeed, so far as Europe is concerned, the stock has almost run out. Secondly, such treasures as do exist will soon be *worn* out unless the habit of constantly dispatching them like holy relics from gallery to gallery in loan exhibitions is checked. Thus a material shortage will in itself soon force museum curators to take a modern view of their job, soon force them to understand that culture is a question of understanding not of possessing. And the people will then inherit the art which is theirs.

In Fair Verona

JEREMY BROOKS

The temptation, when writing about a new production of a much-loved classic, is always to compare. Perhaps it is a marvellous performance that stays in the mind, perhaps a director's interpretation that was 'just right'; or even, quite subjectively, a production seen in some golden circumstance which invested a possibly journeyman presentation with its own splendour. And there is always that perfect production which we have imaged for ourselves out of the text of the play – and which would probably be an empty flop if staged. There they all are, these distant, glowing images, lined up in our minds like accusing ghosts as we take our seats for the new production. No act of will can banish them.

But I think they should, as far as possible, be ignored. The director is striving to realise his own vision of the play, not to synthesise the best that has been done or imagined in the past. His success or failure must be judged according to the terms which he has implicitly quoted for himself. Franco Zeffirelli's Old Vic production of *Romeo and Juliet* is going to displease many people simply because he has quoted terms which they will find basically unacceptable: he has gone all out for the poetry of the whole at the expense of the poetry of the parts. If one goes to this production looking for treasures which have been enjoyed before, or waiting for some high point of jewelled verse to be given its full poetic value, one is going to be disappointed. It is not the words themselves that Signor Zeffirelli points up, but their meaning, the tangible poetry of this man, in this place, experiencing this emotion.

When Romeo first sets eyes on Juliet in Capulet's house, he lurks anonymously in a corner while the guests (dwarfed by great

pillars of red sandstone) chatter gregariously as they dance; and Juliet, even as she dances with Paris, looks back yearningly over her shoulder at the slim, unpretentious young man whose eyes never leave her face. 'O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright. It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night, Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear, Romeo whispers to himself. John Stride, a narrow-faced, dark-eyed romantic, sighs the words softly, with more wonder than passion; and if what we came for is a rediscovery of the verbal felicity in this passage, we shall feel that some poetry has been lost. But has it? What has been taken from the words has been given to the action: the poetry is there, as Juliet slips, step by casual step, round the periphery of the crowd to find herself with ingenuous surprise near enough to Romeo for him to take her willing hand. They are at once in a world of their own, quiet and private amid the milling guests. The poetry has become visible, and, as long as the verse is spoken clearly enough for the marvellous images to take effect, there is no need for the actors to add their own overt emotion to the words. Thus it is too in the balcony scene, with Romeo clambering around the walls like an excited child; and in Juliet's chamber, as Romeo drags himself reluctantly from her bed; and again in the dark, dank tomb where Juliet lies.

There are losses, of course. Mercutio, here convincingly portrayed by Alec McCowen as a quick-witted lay-about who can put his tongue to any accent from fop to bawd, kills King Mab with shallowness: the speech was actually *boring*. The fight scenes are so well staged and the reactions of individuals so accurately pointed that while we are watching them Mercutio's poignant, furious death-cry, 'a plague o' both your houses', is almost – though not quite – lost. For my taste Peggy Mount's nurse *looked* too middle-class for her own rollicking, bawdy laughter to be completely convincing; and some trick of acoustics in the splendidly Italian 'Public Place' made it impossible to hear any player who stood at the back of the stage. Just occasionally the performance teeters on the brink of over-production.

On balance, though, Signor Zeffirelli must be credited with a palpable hit. He has succeeded in making tangible the delicate adolescent poetry of a play which all too easily overbalances into wild romanticism. He is well served by a Juliet (Judi Dench) who really *looks* 14, and has the quicksilver lightness and unpredictable wilfulness of a child; and a Romeo whose youthful, brooding grace nicely conveys the physical langour of young love. The director's vision dominates players and play alike, but this is no cause for complaint. With a predominantly young company, and a play which is only fortuitously tragic, this is exactly what was needed.

It is sad that Bernard Miles has not yet succeeded in finding a good new play to stage in his magnificent new theatre. Gerald Frow's *Mr Burke, MP*, a fantasy-with-songs about an unscrupulous bunch of crooks who create a political issue by putting up an ape for Parliament as a representative of the under-privileged hairy classes, hardly deserves the care and talent that have been lavished upon it. A programme fattened to book-size with whimsical asides about apes in general and an appreciation of Mr Burke himself by Mr Bernard Levin, does not make up for the scarcity of jokes and ideas on the stage. A less witty version of *The Lily White Boys*, written in blue instead of red ink, it appeared to give

LONDON

On Independent Television
Next Tuesday at 9.35 p.m.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

Old Man in a Hurry

by Hugh Ross Williamson

Has Gladstone been fairly portrayed in the assessments of his long political career? Hugh Ross Williamson's last television play, 'The Killing of the King', was an historical reconstruction of King Charles I trial. He has now written 'Old Man in a Hurry' to give an authentic portrait of the statesman's complex personality seen through clashes with colleagues and opponents between 1876 and 1894, eventful years towards the end of his career.
Stephen Murray plays the part of Gladstone, Alison Leggatt plays Mrs. Gladstone with Marian Spencer as Queen Victoria and Marne Maitland as Disraeli. The play is directed by Ronald Marriott. On Independent Television, Tuesday at 9.35 p.m.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

London's Television, Monday to Friday

moderate pleasure to an obviously Tory audience. The Vipers, a well-known skiffle group, helped to pass the time agreeably.

If you are in the right mood to enjoy a little revue there is excellent, fast-moving entertainment to be had at the Fortune Theatre. *And Another Thing . . .* is lively, good humoured, and colourful; and it is witty without being destructive: quite an achievement. Anna Quayle and Bernard Cribbins stand out as masters of droll, exact caricature.

Festival

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

John Cassavetes's *Shadows*, which opens for a run at the Academy, is a remarkable example of what might be called Method direction. The idea is to short-cut the artificialities of script and dialogue, and to present situations with people behaving as they would in life and not as drama would have them. A good deal of bumming around must result, so it is just as well to set your situation among bummers-around. Those in *Shadows* inhabit a dim world between getting just enough money and not having to work for it, between afternoon twilights and midnight dazzle, between racial black and white. They moon around cafés, pick up girls, set off for a museum, have parties and hangovers. In one family of mixed blood the elder brother is a third-rate singer in night-clubs, the younger plays with a trumpet and wears dark glasses to go out, the sister is vaguely literary; the last two could pass for white, and from this ambivalence comes the central adventure, an affair with a white man, the shock of which is beautifully realised.

This episode is in fact a story in itself, that could be detached from the drift all around it, sometimes successful and sometimes not; and one can't help wondering how far the film's final boast 'This is an improvisation' strictly applies. Were these scenes not rehearsed? And since the film has changed shape since its first, and unsuccessful, appearance in New York, how far can the improvisation method be said to work? Then again, the improvisers are actors, some perhaps not very good ones, and their limitations in being both natural and interesting must be obvious. However, method apart, *Shadows* strikes a fresh level in matching candid-camera with story, and the actual filming never loses its inspiration of the moment. I have seen it twice and I could see it again. We need not worry at this juncture that it seems to stem from a certain emergency among those who made it rather than anything else.

Shadows had its European premiere at the National Film Theatre in July. Why be modest about it? In the British Film Institute we have the best establishment of its kind in the world. It conserves more than others; it inaugurates more. At the moment, in its museum capacity, it is celebrating a Silver Jubilee with ten programmes drawn from its archives: these anthologise from art to science, reporting to exploration. Especially among the programmes to come I would recommend (this Sunday, 8.30) 'A Seat in the Stalls', which comprises Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet* and glimpses of Duse, Ellen Terry, Benson, Bernhardt, Harry Bauer as Shylock; and (Monday, 6.15) 'The Editorial Hand', eight 'compilation films', including Rotha's *World of Plenty* and Cavalcanti's *Film and Reality*, a fascinating exposé of studio falsities, made during the war and well deserving revival. (I still cannot dissociate from the blitz the spectacle of Mr Basil Rathbone as a wicked psychiatrist circling a girl in a chair much as a fox circumnavigates a roosting pheasant, with gestures and tread hypnotic, causing her no doubt in the end to jump out of the window of her magnificent top-floor flat.)

Following the Jubilee, from 20 October to 6 November, comes the Fourth London Film Festival. As film festivals in general become more of a racket, with jealousies and nationalities taking precedence over talent, this critical picking-over or weeding-out grows year by year more indispensable. Some of the most anticipated films come unhonoured. Luchino Visconti's *Rocco and his Brothers*, secured at the last moment, is described as a kind of continuation of *La Terra Trema*. Truffaut's new film, *Tirez sur le Pianiste* is, unexpectedly, adapted from an American novel (which?). This is a London Film Festival Choice. Other choices are: Mauro Bolognini's *Notte Brava*, a night-out of two petty crooks in Rome, described as being both funny and close in feeling to the *nouvelle vague;* Irving Lerner's *Studs Lonigan;* Susumi Hani's *Bad Boys*, a study of Japanese delinquents; Laszlo Ranody's *Be Good Forever*, about a small schoolboy's struggles and disillusions – a much-praised earlier film of Ranody, *For Whom the Lark Sings*, is also being shown.

Other films already fêted include Bunuel's *The Young One*, Torre Nilsson's *Fin de Fiesta*, Satyajit Ray's *Jalsaghar*, Jiri Weiss's *Romeo, Juliet, and Darkness*, Yosif Heifetz's *The Lady With the Little Dog*, yet another Soviet success with Chekhov, Antonioni's *L'Avventura*, which at Cannes spellbound many as it exasperated others, Ivan Pyriev's *White Nights*, to set against Visconti's, Peter Brook's *Moderato Cantabile* from a Marguerite Duras novel, Munk's *Bad Luck*, described as a ruthless satire on Stalinism and bureaucracy, and Michael Cacoyannis's *Our Last Spring*, made for Warner's and seen here in its original version. From the French season Renoir's masterpiece *La Règle du Jeu* is being repeated, and *Shadows* is being given a midnight matinée. There are, unless I have miscounted, 31 films never before seen in England, besides programmes of animated films and Russian documentaries. Over this festival of festivals we should be even more zealous than we are; but then, I suppose the Festival Hall nearby would hardly contain us.

"I haven't enjoyed a novel so much this summer . . .

I found myself convinced and beguiled by the adolescent heroine of *Where The Boys Are*, returning bare-fingered, pregnant, but cheerful from her orgiastic Easter vacation." RONALD BRYDEN, SPECTATOR

"Savage, brilliant, screamingly funny." DIANA and MEIR GILLON, SUNDAY TIMES.

"frank and scandalous but seductively funny." BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

"a very funny book indeed." RAYMOND FLETCHER, TRIBUNE

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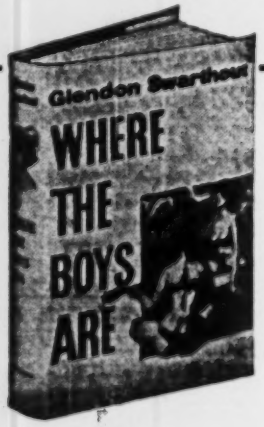


Berlin Festival

DAVID DREW

Mahler's Eighth Symphony has before now proved an ideal Festival piece, for in itself it is a kind of Festival: the nearest, perhaps, that Mahler came in spirit to Bayreuth. In honour of the composer's centenary, the Berlin Festival this year closed with two performances of the Symphony – an event which, despite the harsh acoustics and cold hospitality of the radio concert hall, was greeted with one of the most prolonged and enthusiastic ovations I have ever heard. The performance was to have been conducted by Lorin Maazel, but owing to his indisposition, his place was taken by the Dutch conductor Eduard Flipse, who has enjoyed a long and valued acquaintance with Mahler's music. Flipse's interpretation of the Eighth is already familiar, and the Berlin performance did not shed any new light on its respectable attainments, except in so far as it was graced by an exceptionally talented group of soloists. Hilde Zadek, Kerstin Meyer, and a most talented young baritone, Erich Wenk, were the mainstays. Although the performance as a whole lacked urgency and theatrical instinct, it held the attention and revealed once again that from the formal point of view the work is a triumph.

Another, more intimate, side of the Mahler centenary celebration was presented at the fine new building of the Akademie der Künste, where Max Brod gave an excellent talk on Mahler, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau an inspired performance of seven Lieder. Herr Brod recalled an occasion during a rehearsal of Mahler's Eighth symphony when a child from the children's chorus was heard to exclaim, 'Herr Mahler, you've written a beautiful song.' Mahler confessed that no praise had ever given him more pleasure. He was touched not merely because it had come from a child, but also because a child had understood what so many adults had failed to understand. Music is not bounded by temporal or physical dimensions, and a song and a symphony can partake of the same truth. The largeness of Mahler's Eighth has nothing whatever to do with anything measurable by clock or eye.

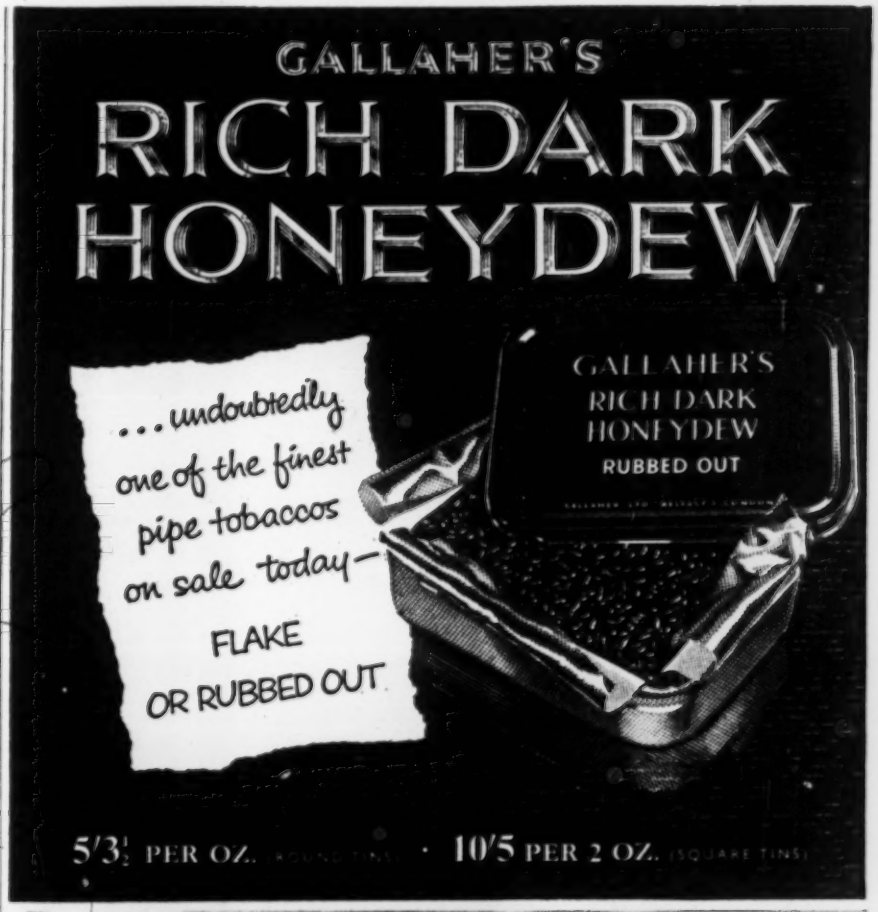
Fischer-Dieskau's performance of some of the 'beautiful songs' was in its way a superb symphony, a fusion of the most strikingly contrasted elements. By opening with a selection from the early and most folk-like *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit*, and closing with three of the late and great Rückert songs, he imposed a severe test on himself, and

solved it superbly. He phrases the simplest 'tune' with the utmost subtlety; and with consummate ease he passes from a world of paradisal naivety to one of profound resignation. Not a phrase is forced, not a modulation unfelt. Once again one was impressed by the extraordinary *dramatic* understanding Fischer-Dieskau shows on the concert platform, and it was a memorable experience to see him the following day on the stage of the Stadtische Oper in the title role of Berg's *Wozzeck*.

The production was sometimes faulty, but he surmounted that obstacle, and for the first time in my experience presented a Wozzeck who was something more than just a poor mad soldier. This he did by musical means. The incredibly weighty pianissimo of his question 'Was wollen Sie damit sagen, Herr Doktor?' in the second scene of the second act made its full point without distracting attention from the crucial thematic event in the orchestral accompaniment; and this was very typical of the performance. Helga Pilarczyk's Marie is in many ways remarkable, but it is not yet quite the equal of her Lulu, and rather surprisingly she has trouble with the *Sprechstimme* in her solo scenes. After such fine casting of the two principal roles, the production has been less attentive to the three important subsidiary roles. But exemplary good sense was shown in giving the crucial minor role of the chief drunken worker to the excellent Peter Roth-Ehrang. Too often this part is made an excuse for indiscriminate bawling, and this was the first time I have seen it given its musical and dramatic due. One hopes that proper attention will be given to the role in the forthcoming Covent Garden revival.

The conductor's contribution to the Berlin *Wozzeck* was hardly worthy of an important opera house, and certainly not of an international festival. Equally unworthy was a scruffy little concert of contemporary music at which Everett Helm's second Quartet and Claude Ballif's possibly talented Bassoon Quintet were unceremoniously buried by the performers. More expensively inadequate was a Stravinsky concert conducted by Ferenc Fricsay, again under the auspices of the radio. To begin a concert with the *Symphony of Psalms*, and then, after running through the new *Mouvements* for Piano and Orchestra, to end it with *Oedipus Rex*, is bad programme planning, and the performances did nothing to redeem it. The chorus for the *Symphony of Psalms* usefully included the children's voices which Stravinsky requests but seldom gets. The performance of *Oedipus* was of a kind that one had hoped Stravinsky's music no longer had to suffer.

This year's festival has, for various understandable reasons, been less eventful than usual, and the greatest interest seems to have been aroused by a concert of Gabrieli and Machaut conducted by Hindemith. Hindemith's activities as a conductor have an interest that obviously extends beyond their immediate results (which in this case seem to have been excellent), and it is to be hoped that England will learn more of him in this role. He has recently conducted Berg's Chamber Concerto, and Berlin will shortly hear him conducting one concert of Schreker, Hartmann, Petrassi and Hindemith, and a second which includes Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Liszt's *Orpheus*, and Stravinsky's *Orpheus*. It is unfortunate that such programmes could not have found a place in the Berlin Festival, whose chief novelty this year was Blacher's opera *Rosamunde Floris*, about which I shall write next week.



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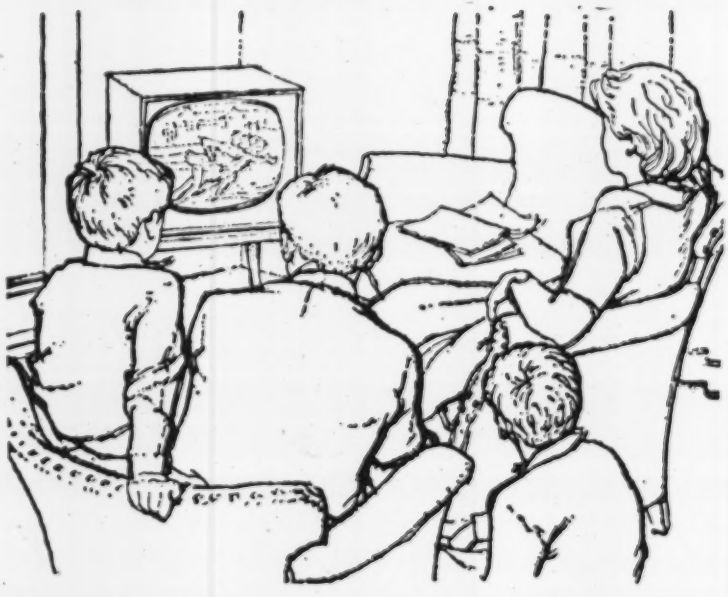
TV – a blessing in disguise for Britain's paper industry?

Today, contrary to prophecies that television would seriously affect the nation's reading habits, demand for printed matter is tending to rise.

This article discusses the factors which have brought this situation about and shows how it parallels experience in the U.S.A. It reveals, too, how television is playing a part in boosting the total demand for printing papers—possibly proving a blessing in disguise for Britain's prospering paper industry!

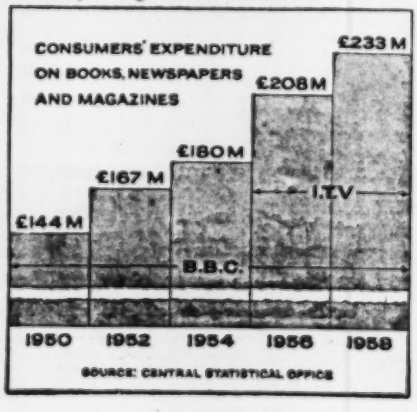


PAPER IN THE "COMMUNICATION" ERA

Only a few years ago, many people—especially those connected with publishing, education and advertising—were apprehensive that television would prove a dangerous rival to the printed word. With its two-fold impact on eye and ear, how would it influence people's reading habits? And how would this new "communication" era affect Britain's paper industry?

But today, people are actually reading more about more subjects than ever before! Demand is now tending to rise not only for television but for all types of printed matter.

Events in Britain, as can be seen from the graph, appear to be following the pattern already set in the U.S.A. There printing paper sales suffered an initial check when television first became popular. But since then, demand has been consistently rising for *both* media.



Just what are the factors which have caused this situation?

OUR CULTURAL PATTERNS CHANGE

Undoubtedly the most significant reason is that, because of greater leisure and increased incomes, our cultural patterns have changed. Today's higher standard of living is causing sales to rise not only of durable consumer goods such as television sets but many semi-luxuries such as books and magazines.

Since 1951, the number of books published annually has risen steadily—despite an increase in television licences from one to ten million! Publishers' lists show that a record total of 22,143 books were published during 1958. And between 1950 and 1958, there was a healthy increase of as much as

55 per cent in publishers' total home-market turnover—from £25¼ million to £39¾ million.

Indeed, by widening many people's interests, television has actually stimulated a fresh appetite for the printed word. In particular, the inherently transient nature of the television medium has caused an enormous new demand for inexpensive "do-it-yourself" manuals and books giving further information on many "specialist" interests. This is one of the factors which have led to the great increase in sales of paperback editions, which statistics show to have multiplied almost 4½ times over between 1950 and 1958.

NEW PUBLICATIONS— NEW JOURNALISM

Consider magazines and newspapers. These too reflect the trend towards a new journalism, with less accent upon "entertainment" and more on information, advice and service to readers.

In fact, many vigorous new publications have grown up, particularly magazines for women and for the new teenage market. And the continuing popularity of our daily newspapers is testified to by a recent Unesco statistic that in the U.K. the number of copies sold daily per thousand inhabitants is 573—by far the world's largest. Likewise the U.K. leads in non-daily newspapers with 825 copies per thousand people, the U.S.A. being the next with 475.

Some circulations of course have declined. But these instances have not been due necessarily to television. Nor to the price of

newsprint, of which the cost per page today is less than 2¾ times the average level it was throughout the pre-war period—in fact a smaller price rise than that of many other raw materials. But rather to greater competition, general cost increases, and more selective space-buying by advertisers.

STRIKING A BALANCE

In advertising, too, press and television have proved complementary rather than opposed. Whereas total TV expenditure rose from £10½ million in 1956 to £60 million in 1959, total press expenditure also rose from £146 million in 1956 to £185 million in 1959. The uses of press and television in conjunction has become an accepted advertising planning method. Moreover, in many instances, press publications are being actively advertised on television.

In the opinion of Reed marketing experts, the phase of adjustment between the press and television may be ending and a balance may now be struck. It is expected that, as has happened in America, demand for *both* will climb steadily on parallel lines.

HOW PAPER IS KEEPING PACE

Irrespective of outside influences, there are two underlying factors vital to the future market for printing papers. The permanence of the printed word, with which more ephemeral media cannot compete; and the unique *versatility* of paper itself.

During 1960, it is estimated that Britain will use about 975,000 tons of printing and writing papers—about 42½ per cent of our total paper consumption. To keep pace with the nation's requirements, very many

different papers will be needed. They must suit not only all the varying demands of print buyers but the diverse complexity of modern letterpress, litho and gravure printing processes.

These papers may be "coated" or "uncoated"; glossy or matt; suitable for colour or black-and-white printing; for the smallest machines printing sheets by the hundred; for giant rotary presses which print at high speed by the hundred thousand; or for duplicating machines, electronic computers and other modern business equipment.

They range from newsprint to the many art papers and "pure printings" used for high-quality book production. Whatever the paper it must have the *right* technical qualities at the *right* price for the user.

KEEPING COST TO CONSUMERS DOWN

It is because of the technical excellence and versatility of these modern printing papers that the industry can meet the demands for ever-better, more competitive print material.

For example, weekly magazines in this country mainly have very large circulations. In relation to their extremely low cost, they achieve a high standard of multi-colour and black-and-white printing. This is made possible by the use of photogravure presses and low-cost super-calendered papers specially developed by the paper industry.

Parallel with this, there is also growing demand for the more glossy coated papers. The psychological and competitive sales value of this type of paper is shown by its increasing use for magazine printing, mail-order catalogues and leaflets.

In this field, the Reed Paper Group has pioneered Aerocote, an "off-machine coated" paper unique in this country. Its high-quality finish is achieved by means of an "Air Knife"—a high-speed process in which air, fed through a longitudinal slot under pressure, forces a liquid coating onto the paper's surface.

PAPER LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

What is Britain's paper industry doing to ensure for paper an even brighter future in the "communication" era?

The Reed Paper Group is planning ahead *now*. Experts of the Group's Economic Research Department are constantly analysing trends in demand. Likewise, the Group's Printing and Physical Research Department is engaged in comprehensive research concerning printing papers, processes and inks. Reed teamwork has also made possible a complete Technical Advisory Service to Printers, both to advise on printing problems and to develop new specifications for customers' needs.

This same flexible, *forward* thinking is shown in product marketing, machine and production planning, management selection and personnel training. The Reed Group's entire resources are harnessed to ensure ever-better print material to meet the growing demands of the future.

"Will paper's value to industry become even greater?" *The Reed Paper Group sets out to answer this question in a further article in this series, appearing in this publication on December 10th.*

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HEAD OFFICE: 105 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

Correspondence

WANTED: A LEADER

SIR, – It was disturbing to read the reasoned unreasonableness of your attack upon Mr Gaitskell as the leader of the Labour Party. The present unhappy situation is indeed a crisis of leadership itself, in a party which by its very nature is suspicious of leadership. The defeat of Mr Gaitskell would be little more than a symbolic sacrifice of a party in fear of its future.

It must of course be admitted that Mr Gaitskell has been defeated in his attempt to re-fashion the party image. But is this really a cause of satisfaction? Can a political party survive by being so satisfied in the rightness of its own principles that it resists any conscientious attempt to present the policies based upon them in a way acceptable to the electorate. There are no rewards for underestimating the common sense of the electorate or in scorning their considered opinions; the cost of doing so is political oblivion.

Your article is more significant for its omissions. You would do a service to the Labour movement were you to examine the confused thinking and destructive opposition of the unilateralists. A balanced opinion on the duties and responsibilities of Labour MPs would have been helpful. And I wonder what those Birmingham busmen would have to say about their union turning 'democratic'.

End this campaign; it is unworthy of you.

J. MARTIN

13 Silver Street
Bradford on Avon

SIR, – You ask 'Is there a third choice, which will preserve party unity, even if Gaitskell goes?' I suggest it is a question of 'restoring' and not 'preserving' party unity. For after all, the movement against the nuclear deterrent strategy, US bases and Britain having nuclear weapons has grown, year by year, in the party and the country against the combined political leadership and press of the country.

Those of us who have waged this fight in the party from the beginning look upon it as an issue of conscience and principle. In the defence debate of last March, 43 of us Labour MPs abstained on our party's motion, to mark our refusal to accept a nuclear strategy. Sixty gave written pledges in the election to stand on the CND platform. That was as far as we felt entitled to go so long as we were opposing what was still party policy.

But now that we have a clear-cut decision in conference breaking with the nuclear deterrent strategy, it is the duty of the Leader and the Parliamentary committee to accept it. Those who will not should become back-benchers and use their rights as a minority by trying to convert the majority to their view. Now that the decision has been taken, the quickest way of restoring unity, confidence and understanding in the party and winning support in the country, will be to relate (a) unilateral cutting of defence expenditure to the need for finding the resources necessary to expand production and carry out Labour's social promises, (b) renunciation of nuclear weapons and removal of American bases, to our foreign policy. Show that it means not 'isolation' or 'neutralism' but taking our stand on the UN Charter in relation to both the US and USSR. The Charter assumes that we and the Soviet Union have a common interest in peace and therefore in working together to prevent war breaking out by accident, which is the only real danger. It is a danger that grows as the arms race continues. We must also show how, starting from the 'United Nations' position, we can secure acceptance in Washington and Moscow of Labour's proposals as a basis of negotiation.

This is the path Labour must tread if we are to bring our defence policy into line with our foreign policy, ground both in reality, and pursue a course that does not blaspheme against common sense and our Socialist faith in human brotherhood.

K. ZILLIACUS

SIR, – Whereas by far the greater part of your article 'Wanted: a Leader' is an attack on Mr Gaitskell's leadership of the Labour Party, you have not given any indication, in the event of Mr Gaitskell being dethroned, whom you would wish the choice of leadership of the party to fall on. And this is precisely the failing of everyone these days who, assiduously attacking Mr Gaitskell, have not come out openly to say who they would prefer to take his place.

Mr Gaitskell was elected leader by the Parliamentary Labour Party. They have endorsed his leadership and the NEC of the party have recognised it. They will have the opportunity to elect him again, if he wishes to stand, or reject him, putting up alternatively a new figure. Surely there are enough would be aspirants for the leadership? Whoever is elected is the leader. And in order to dispel any doubts about the matter I would suggest that in the new session the election of the leader of the party is officially and publicly endorsed at the first meeting of the NEC after the election. The NEC, after all, as a body, have been properly elected at Conference, so that this procedure would once and for all fully confirm the leader in his office.

And on the question of Mr Gaitskell's qualities of leadership, there is not the slightest doubt that he is recognised as the most able party leader we have: the others, whose claims for leadership have been openly and secretly canvassed, make a poor showing. If your quest for leadership reaches out to any of these, then do let us know who you prefer.

D. BAKER LACE

70 Wickham Hill
Hurstpierpoint

LABOUR AND DEFENCE

SIR, – Critic is correct in stating that the merely negative policy of abandoning nuclear weapons is not likely to commend itself to the majority of the electorate. Furthermore, such a policy is unworthy of the British people who are more likely to be inspired by a positive policy to serve humanity as well as their own interests.

Where Critic has still got his coat-tails, as it were, on the wrong side of the thought barrier in defence thinking, is when he writes that a new policy involves telling the world: 'that Britain was abandoning its traditional position as a great power'. He should have inserted the word 'military' after 'great' and continued 'in favour of being a great nation'.

What we must explain to the electorate is that the ancient and (until the nuclear age) correct equation between great power status and great physical military strength has been invalidated by the invention of nuclear weapons. They are so powerful that they cannot be usefully employed in power politics. If it be accepted – as it is by most people – that the use of power in nuclear form is self-defeating and that even the tactical nuclear weapons cannot be used without rapidly leading to final disaster, then it follows that our traditional and hitherto valid ideas of the concept of power and its practical uses in a world of power politics need re-defining. In the nuclear age economic activities and the climate of world public opinion have become the significant elements in power.

Physical manifestation of power can still be used in non-nuclear form e.g. St Pancras, or African territories, but even this use of conventional power is becoming less practical. It failed in Cyprus: it cannot be used by Britain against Iceland; and Castro seizes American property with impunity. Many other examples of the declining effectiveness of even conventional physical power in international relations could be quoted.

What is wrong with our present defence policy is that it is both perilous and out of date because its strategic foundations are related to the past and not the present or future. Nuclear weapons have produced an absolutely unprecedented defence problem which demands a new solution related to the present and prospective nature of power.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

The Athenæum

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SIR, – Mr Armstrong explains very logically why he finds the case against brandishing nuclear weapons not 'morally self-evident', but his argument involves, I think, an implausible hypothesis. He admits it would be wrong to threaten to use the H-bomb' but that a 'moral dilemma' arises if one believes 'that unilaterally renouncing its use will, at present, increase the risk of its use.' I would agree; but *can* one believe that? Certainly Mr Gaitskell cannot, at least as far as Britain is concerned; for he has endorsed a policy statement that proposed the unilateral abandonment of an independent British deterrent. And I have certainly heard no one describe this as a provocation to war and therefore a moral delinquency. Maybe that is because it is at last generally accepted that our own nuclear potential is quite insufficient to deter and thus irrelevant.

But let us, if he wishes, apply Mr Armstrong's hypothesis to the two major contestants in the Cold War. It is so wildly improbable of course that either of them would act unilaterally that I have never myself wasted time in arguing about it; but let us suppose that Russia, say, should forswear the use of nuclear weapons. Does Mr Armstrong think that such a decision could possibly 'increase the risk' of nuclear war? Would America, relieved of the fear of retaliation, start plastering the world with H-bombs? The answer is she wouldn't have to: the threat would be enough. At last she would be able 'to negotiate from strength'. And if, conversely, Russia were left in sole possession of the bomb, she too could dictate without recourse to it.

I do not say that either situation is desirable but merely that unilateral action, whatever else it does, could not reasonably be calculated to *increase* the risk of nuclear war and world destruction. That is why I must still hold that the moral case is – well, if not self-evident, at least readily demonstrable.

BENN W. LEVY

CIVIL DEFENCE FRAUD

SIR, – It would be helpful if the Director General of Civil Defence would give the evidence on which he bases the statement that the dose of radiation inside a ground floor refuge room in an average brick-built house is only a fortieth of that outside. This is particularly necessary because the first edition of the manual of Civil Defence says nothing about a refuge room but simply states that an average two-storey brick-built house in a built-up area reduces the outside radiation to one-fortieth. It is not until the second edition that we are told that in order to get this reduction factor we must be inside a refuge room in which there is no external door and the windows have been blocked. Evidently the second edition, quoted by the Director General in your correspondence, had second thoughts. Perhaps third thoughts are necessary.

The dose of radiation received in a refuge room depends on the construction of the room and could be nil. But it would be a pity if Civil Defence estimates of casualties from fallout were based on an inflated idea of people's capacity to encase themselves and their families in concrete and sand for long periods of time.

The main point of this letter is not, however, simply to disagree with the Director General of Civil Defence on technical points; but to plead for more information. The Special Sub-committee on Radiation of the US Congress, whose chairman is Mr Holifield, held a public enquiry into the biological and environment effects of nuclear war, and the published report describes the results of a medium-sized nuclear attack on the US. We need to have a similar enquiry in Britain. If, say, the British Association for the Advancement of Science would organise public hearings and take testimony on the effects on this country of a nuclear attack of a reasonable and specified size, we could learn more exactly what life (if any) would be like in post-war Britain. The present public confusion does no good.

ANTOINETTE PIRIE

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SIR, – General Kirkman is trying to fool us on a most important point. In his letter of 1 October Mr Berenbaum pointed out that the fallout areas given in the current CD Manual ('Nuclear Weapons' Table 15, p.42) are wrong because it is now known that early fallout rates are roughly double those allowed for in the table. General Kirkman has replied (8.10.60) by saying that the table is for 100 per cent. fission bombs whereas those used in past tests were only 50 per cent. fissionable and 'these factors therefore cancel out'! In the same way the statement 'Only 50 per cent. of the population will die before they reach the age of 140' is presumably true because, although we know that twice as many people will actually die sooner, 50 per cent. will die before reaching half that age.

If the Home Office would prefer to give fallout areas for 50 per cent. fission bombs because they are not quite so alarming as those for the dirtier bombs which are actually on the rocket sites, they can amend their table accordingly. The fact remains that a single ground-burst 10 megaton bomb, of say 75 per cent. fission yield, will make roughly 3,250 square miles of country uninhabitable. The CD Manual should certainly be revised.

M. J. BARCLAY

Trellis Cottage, NW3

SIR, – In a speech in County Hall on 30 June 1959 on the LCC Civil Defence estimate of £43,650, I referred to the fact that the council's own officers had virtually told the council that it was impossible to provide London with an effective Civil Defence. I said that it was clear that there would be unlikely to be any survivors and this was not denied. I said:

> Are we, by passing an estimate for token civil defence, helping to pull the wool over the eyes of those who send us here and who have a right to expect us to tell them the truth, however appalling it may be? Ought we not to say to the government, it is not reasonable for you to ask us to pretend any more. We must ask you to relieve us of the necessity of conniving in the deception of the electorate, for as things are we are compelled to vote their money for a purpose we know to be bogus.

The press was there and I subsequently circulated an extract widely. I have been saying this ever since on Labour Party and CND platforms in Hyde Park and so on but, with an occasional small-circulation exception, the press and the radio have joined the conspiracy of silence.

On 8 March last the LCC carried, with two abstentions, a motion which, inter alia, recognised 'the soundness of the basic plans of the government to provide as far as is practicable under conditions of modern warfare for the essential purposes of Civil Defence, i.e. the preservation of life and the restoration of order.' Dr Soper secured the addition of words calling upon the government to secure the complete abolition of the use of nuclear weapons in warfare as the only effective safeguard but this did not, in the eyes of the abstainers, make it possible to support a resolution which recognised the soundness of plans we knew to be unsound and whose essential purposes 'the preservation of life and the restoration of order' we knew to be unrealisable. It seemed to use that to do so, however good the motive, was to consent to the process of fooling the people to death which is called Civil Defence.

Labour councils all over the country are uneasily participating in this conspiracy because the experience of those who have refused has been so disastrous. The consequence has been that the job has been taken out of the hands of the local authority and carried out by the government itself, far more expensively and thoroughly. The view is therefore widely taken that the best thing to do is to go through the motions and just do the minimum. I think there may be a better plan.

The duties of local authorities are laid down in the Civil Defence Act of 1948 and in the regulations and directions issued under it. The Civil Defence Corps is a national body but the LCC could rename its division the London Civil Rescue Corps and could give its officers the task of equipping and training the Corps to act as an emergency reserve to assist the police and fire brigade in the civil disasters both minor and major which must occasionally befall all large communities.

The LCC should make it clear to all Londoners by press and leaflet that the government grant was being spent as directed but that the rate contribution would be used for these constructive purposes only. It should be explained that the council has the duty to make sure that every citizen knows that there is no defence for anyone in London in the event of nuclear war. It might be added that the Force, if there were any members of it capable of doing so, would doubtless do anything possible to comfort the last hours of those unfortunate enough not to be killed outright.

I shall be seeking support among my colleagues on the LCC for a resolution designed to bring about a change of policy as possible as it is vital.

HUGH JENKINS

75 Kenilworth Court, SW15

DAVID SIQUEIROS

SIR, – The celebrated Mexican painter David Siqueiros is now in prison. He was arrested by the Mexican government after protesting against the arbitrary arrest of various other trade-unionists and intellectuals. He is 64 years old and is at present prevented from working. In France Picasso, Lurçat, Lorjou, Pignon and other artists have already signed an appeal for his release. In Rome the world-famous art scholar Roberto Longhi has signed a similar petition. May I ask artists and scholars here to do likewise? Appeals and protests should be addressed to the Mexican Embassy, London.

JOHN BERGER

E FUMO LUX

SIR, – 'Critic' tells of auctioneers in a smokeless zone who thought they could not get rid of unwanted chairs by burning them, and ran into trouble for dumping them on National Trust land. They are evidently unfamiliar with the subtleties of the law as to air pollution.

In a smokeless zone it is unlawful to emit smoke *from a chimney* (unless it results from the burning of authorised fuel), but it is not unlawful to emit smoke in other ways. Now wood is not an authorised fuel, and an offence is committed if chairs are burnt indoors and smoke escapes up the chimney. If, however, the chairs are burnt on a bonfire in the open air no offence is committed however much smoke is caused. Theoretically, the local authority could take proceedings for abatement of a public health nuisance, but the chairs and the nuisance (if any) would have disappeared long before public health law rumbled into action.

RUPERT TOWNSHEND-ROSE

111 Thornbury Road
Osterley

YOUNG SCOTTISH WRITERS

SIR, – I am writing on behalf of a group of young Scottish working-class writers who are very anxious to widen their circle and aim at furthering a revival in Scottish culture, particularly its theatre, and in this way stimulate interest in the Scottish tradition and way of life. With this in view, I would like to appeal to other like-minded writers to write to me at the address below.

EDDIE LINDEN

35 Rosslyn Hill
NW3

COLOURED

SIR, – The following definition of a white person appeared in the instructions for the Population Census for the Union of South Africa which took place on 6 September 1960.

WHITES. A white person is a person who in appearance obviously is, or who is generally accepted as a white person, but does not include a person who, although in appearance obviously a white person, is generally accepted as a coloured person.

The regulation then goes on to define the other race groups, i.e. ASIATICS, COLOURED, BANTU.

How silly can one get?

C. A. IRGIN

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KING ALFRED AT WANTAGE

SIR, – I am engaged upon a local history, and for a long time have been trying to discover the authorship of the lines carved upon the statue of King Alfred, which stands in the town of Wantage. The lines are:

> Alfred found learning dead and he restored it,
> Education neglected and he revived it,
> The laws powerless and he gave them force,
> The church debased and he raised it,
> The land ravaged by a fearful enemy
> From which he delivered it,
> Alfred's name will live as long
> As mankind shall respect the past.

At the celebration of the Millinery at Winchester, Mr Bowker, then mayor of the city and the author of a book on King Alfred, spoke at a public memorial meeting, but so far as I know, did not actually quote the lines themselves.

Should any of your readers be able to supply the name of the orator I shall be glad.

S. ALLEN WARNER

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The Noblest Roman

RICHARD MAYNE

For Edward Gibbon 1789 was a sad and fateful year. It was not merely that the 'Gallic frenzy' known to other historians as the French Revolution now threatened the very tranquillity that had nurtured its own 'wild theories'. It was also that Gibbon's familiar world was changing. '*Pourquoi est-ce que vous me quittez*?' he was to ask as he lay dying only five years later; meanwhile, his closest friend and companion, Deyverdun, had succumbed after a gradual decline and a distressing succession of fits. Of another 'old and agreeable companion', his *History*, Gibbon had already taken leave on a famous summer evening: indeed, he was still smarting from the reproaches with which piety and prudery had assailed his last three volumes. And now a fresh sign of the times was manifest. In 1789, from a certain J. Adams, there appeared An Abridged Edition of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

With such a precedent, there can be little reason to contest the principle of abbreviating Gibbon's masterpiece. 'If a severe critic would reduce him to a single folio,' he wrote of Peter Bayle, 'that relic, like the books of the Sibyl, would become still more valuable'; and he accepted a similar austerity himself. *The Decline and Fall* is already an epitome. At least once Gibbon explains the liberties which he has taken with his sources: 'I have melted down into one piece the sixth chapter . . . I have given order and connection . . . I have softened *some* extravagant hyperboles and pared away some superfluities . . .' He even abridged his own manuscript: 'the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced, by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size.' He adds, revealingly: '– and they might still be compressed, without any loss of fact or sentiments.' Elsewhere he admitted to having 'dived, perhaps too deeply, into the mud of the Arian controversy'; and reviewing the public reception of his second and third volumes, he was 'inclined to believe that, especially in the beginning, they are more prolix and less entertaining than the first.' Since Gibbon also held that 'the author himself is the best judge of his own performance', what further licence could an editor's scissors require?

Mr D. M. Low can scarcely be called 'a severe critic': but he has certainly reduced Gibbon, not to a single folio, but to a single demy octavo, two and a half inches thick.* The abridgement is 924 pages long, and on an approximate reckoning it includes just less than one half of its original. In one particular at least it respects Gibbon's opinion, for its cuts become bolder in the middle and concluding sections of the work. It ignores, however, Gibbon's tacit invitation to condense his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters; and although it shortens the twenty-first chapter, on Arianism, its excisions leave the bulk of the controversy unimpaired. In contrast, moreover, to Gibbon's habit of composing whole paragraphs before setting pen to paper, it occasionally begins or ends its omissions in the middle of these elaborate recitals.

Gibbon himself, then, might not have applauded the manner of this abridgement: but a later age may be permitted a different perspective. For a modern reader, Gibbon is still – with reservations – the historian of Rome. He still casts some light on the middle ages. Yet more than this, he is an eighteenth-century writer, product of a culture whose superficial aspects have long attracted one kind of critic as much as they have repelled another, and whose inner feelings are still difficult to interpret despite their later flowering in enthusiasm, romance and revolution. Any abridgement of Gibbon must seek to preserve his essential character in all these roles. In this respect, Mr Low's endeavour is only partially successful.

As historian of Rome, Gibbon weathers extraordinarily well, propped here and there by footnotes, disfigured in places, incomplete, sometimes trumpery, but grand and uncompromising, arching against the sky. Bury's edition, itself textually imperfect, corrects innumerable minor errors: so did Milman's: so too did Smith's. Mr Low's abridgement scarcely attempts to do so; and if this limits its value for the student, it still matters less than one might expect.

Not error, however, but incompleteness is perhaps a more evident failing in Gibbon. He did not always regard history as 'the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind': in another passage he described its principal subjects as 'wars, and the administration of public affairs'. But both definitions are somewhat restrictive. Economics, for instance, had little place in Gibbon's scheme, and his reliance on largely literary sources made his view of Rome a partial one. Still less complete was his view of her enemies. By grouping the barbarian attacks under ethnic headings, he avowedly disrupted the continuity of his story, and drew attention to his unequal treatment of the different peoples outside the Empire. Here, Mr Low's abridgement accentuates existing weakness: for although it includes the greater part of Gibbon's fine chapter on the Muslims, it omits important sections on the Huns, the Turks and the Moghuls.

If Gibbon's sources were literary, however, his aims were at least partly scientific. Walter Bagehot remarked that 'in literature the period may be defined as that in which men ceased to write for students, and had not yet begun to write for women.' Writing in the new tradition created by Hume, Montesquieu, and Voltaire, Gibbon conjoined classical literary learning with something of that other historiographical tradition exemplified by the Paris Benedictines and the Bollandists – a tradition of minute exactitude in collating largely medieval texts. Many of his biographers have dwelt on the moment of his inspiration amid the ruins of the Capitol. Fewer have recalled the later passage in his *Autobiography* describing the huge labours of research to which that moment was to lead. Both were necessary. Gibbon praised the 'works of industry' which he regarded as 'the peculiar province of a laborious community'; but he knew that 'a composition of genius must be the offspring of one mind.' Undistracted by the products of a PhD industry, he mastered his material and imparted his stamp, his narrative mastery, to the whole.

It is this, in particular, that lends interest to his rapid sketch of medieval and Byzantine history. He may have been guilty of perpetuating the legend of Byzantium as a lotus land, but he firmly anchored it in the history of Rome as the repository of the Empire, whose masters were heirs to the Caesars. This in itself is of great importance to the understanding of medieval Europe. Unfortunately, too well imbued with the conviction he was describing, Gibbon was content with a scathing and sketchy treatment of the Latin West. The inadequacy of these later sections is increased in Mr Low's edition by two major omissions: that of the forty-fourth chapter, on Roman Law and Justinian, and that of the fifty-eighth chapter, on the First Crusade. But if these omissions seem surprising, they are amply excused by Mr Low's earlier generosity of space towards Gibbon's treatment of Christianity. For here Gibbon himself supersedes the historian of the Roman Empire.

'Gibbon on Christianity' may now seem little more than a good joke in bad taste – not least at the expense of those who republish it today in the eager cause of Rationalism. But its underlying attitude can still annoy. Those who couple Gibbon with Lytton Strachey, as Dr Leavis has done, presumably cannot abide the apparent smugness expressed as much in Gibbon's irony as in what Coleridge called his 'detestable' style. Others, who may overpraise Gibbon's historical style, as distinct from the style of much of his memoirs, presumably envy the ease of assurance they suppose it to express. Are not both a little wide of the mark? Gibbon's prose, with its sturdy, formal clarity, has some of the virtues of its age: Boswell thought that Dr Johnson had influenced it. Its trick of antithesis Gibbon may have derived in part from his boyhood reading of Pope. Its abstract and sometimes spurious air of precision was surely of French origin: not for nothing did Gide record his '*ravissement indicible*' on reading the *Autobiography*. It was French, it was formal, it was cold. But was it smug? Had it real assurance? Behind the knowing irony one can surely detect insecurity; behind the classical cadence, hints of a romantic imagination. Gibbon's upbringing had been shaky: both his grandfathers had been involved in financial scandal; he lost his mother when

**The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* By EDWARD GIBBON. An Abridgement by D. M. LOW. *Chatto & Windus.* 36*s.*

he was ten; his sister and his brothers died in infancy; he himself was short, ugly, sickly and weak – and he lost his faith early. Is it charitable to grudge him his harmless urbane vanity? Is it reasonable to take at face value his classical pose as the noblest Roman of them all? Mr Low has said that 'he writes almost throughout his work as though he were a cultivated senator of the better days of the empire.' This may explain his too Augustan view of the Romans; but it fails to account for the energy and colour of his excursions into barbarian history. He too was a Romantic *manqué*; no wonder Beckford bought his library when he died. The world was changing in 1789, but Gibbon had helped to change it. The tall marble columns of that chilling prose had always been a-flicker with strange fires.

Jericho

Oh the sun stood still above the Passport Office
And Joshua remembered Moses.
They chewed gum, they sweated gore,
Their visas were refused once more
And the Tables of the Law were broken again.

And the sun stood still above the Law Courts in Fleet Street
And Joshua remembered Moses.
Adulteries and libels both
Got bogged in medieval sloth
And the Tables of the Law were broken again.

And the sun stood still above the hard courts in Hampstead
And Joshua remembered Moses.
Refugees from worlds away
Worked out their loneliness in play
And the Tables of the Law were broken again.

And the sun stood still above the Stock Exchange
And Joshua remembered Moses.
Thousand of ants in pinstriped pants
Went back upon their tracks like ants
And the Tables of the Law were broken again.

And the sun stood still above the dome of Paul's
And Joshua remembered Moses.
The fires were out from the war we lost,
Also the fires of Pentecost,
And the Tables of the Law were broken again.

And the sun stood still above Notting Hill Gate
And Joshua remembered Moses.
The Caribbean in spite of cosh
And flick-knife wouldn't come out in the wash
And the Tables of the Law were broken again.

And the sun stood still above the Ministry of Defence
And Joshua remembered Moses.
Neither sense nor conscience stirred,
Having been ultimately deterred,
And the Tables of the Law were broken again.

LOUIS MACNEICE

Sancta Simplicitas

The Spirit's Pilgrimage. By MIRA BEHN. *Longmans.* 25s.

The story of Madeleine Slade, who as Mira Behn spent 23 years in the service of Gandhi, is far from ordinary. But it is simple. There is the strength of simplicity in her character, and in her record. What the analyst might make of the Beethoven - Gandhi - Beethoven progression I have no idea. But it happened. The girl, without musical training, experienced a decisive 'realisation' of Beethoven, struggled to acquire enough French to talk to Romain Rolland about it, heard from him an almost accidental reference to Mahatma Gandhi and recognised the inexplicable voice of her destiny – inexplicable because Gandhi's *ashram* was the last place in the world into which to carry an aesthetic attachment. It is the abandonment not merely of comfort or security for a spiritual call but of the spiritual satisfaction itself. Now that too is finished: when I last saw Mira Behn, paddling through the London rain in her saffron sari, she was about to disappear to a rural retreat near Vienna – back to Beethoven.

One can only speak of the compulsion as mystical – and centred (however much Gandhi might try to assume the contrary) upon the person rather than the cause. Idolising of the Mahatma is unfashionable today, in India or elsewhere. But Mira Behn's recollections are notably free from attitudinising. The commitment once accepted, there is no need to labour it, and her personal account proceeds by incident more than by exposition. Without a trace of self-pity she makes us see quite poignantly the nature of the ordeal to which she submitted (sometimes, it seems, as a penance, but for what?). Of the communal life of the *ashram* she writes that 'because of my devotion to Bapu . . . I so completely disciplined myself that I actually believed that I liked it'. Of course her nature asserted itself in nerves and anguish, only to be assuaged again in some new place or task. In an almost matter-of-fact style she tells of sharing a prison-cell with a woman whose clothes were still stained with the murder of her child, tending cholera-victims in appalling conditions – or, on the visit to London for the Round-Table Conference, driven past the gates of her childhood home with a Mahatma too busy to stop.

'The ability to suppress is the preliminary to eradication,' wrote Gandhi most heretically to Mira Behn when she heard of the death of her mother and poured out her heart to him in a letter. The silences of his own control are often mentioned: at the deaths in internment, first of his secretary Mahadev and then of his wife; at the moment of truth when the apostle of Hindu non-violence countenanced euthanasia for a sick heifer; or on the many occasions when the crowd pressing upon him became a mob in its excitement. His lifelong experiments upon himself had always to be communicated. His passion for manipulating the personal lives of others was criticised by some as a wasteful diversion of his time and energy, by others as morbid or dangerous in itself. If we ignore, as Mira Behn herself does, the journalistic gossip that appeared from time to time, it is in this cultivating motive that we can expect to find many of the pointers to Gandhi's relationship with his English disciple. This book is hers, not his. It becomes a document not by repeating the issues and developments which swell so many volumes on the man and the historical theme. She lets chronology find its own way. And 'the crux of the struggle'? It is this: 'Bapu wanted me to be "perfect" and yet to be myself. The two things just did not fit'.

Very little of Mira Behn's activity, in point of fact, was political. Gandhi recognised the usefulness of British associates as emissaries, but the nearest that she got to an influential role was her investigation of the mood of the people in the eastern 'invasion-zone' in 1942, followed by talks with civil and military officials; and there the initiative was hers. She can be faulted when she slips into political asides. She does not seem to realise, for instance, that Gandhi knew in advance, and accepted, Lord Irwin's decision to let the law take its course with Bhagat Singh. And which were the 'British circles' where the prospect of a Gandhi-Jinnah settlement were viewed with 'serious alarm'? But these excursions are only momentary. Nor will it do us any harm to be reminded, where her personal theme is caught up in a public one, that the achievement of independence was something more than the signatures on a gentlemen's agreement. It was a revolution, and people got hurt in it.

FRANCIS WATSON

Playing with Fire

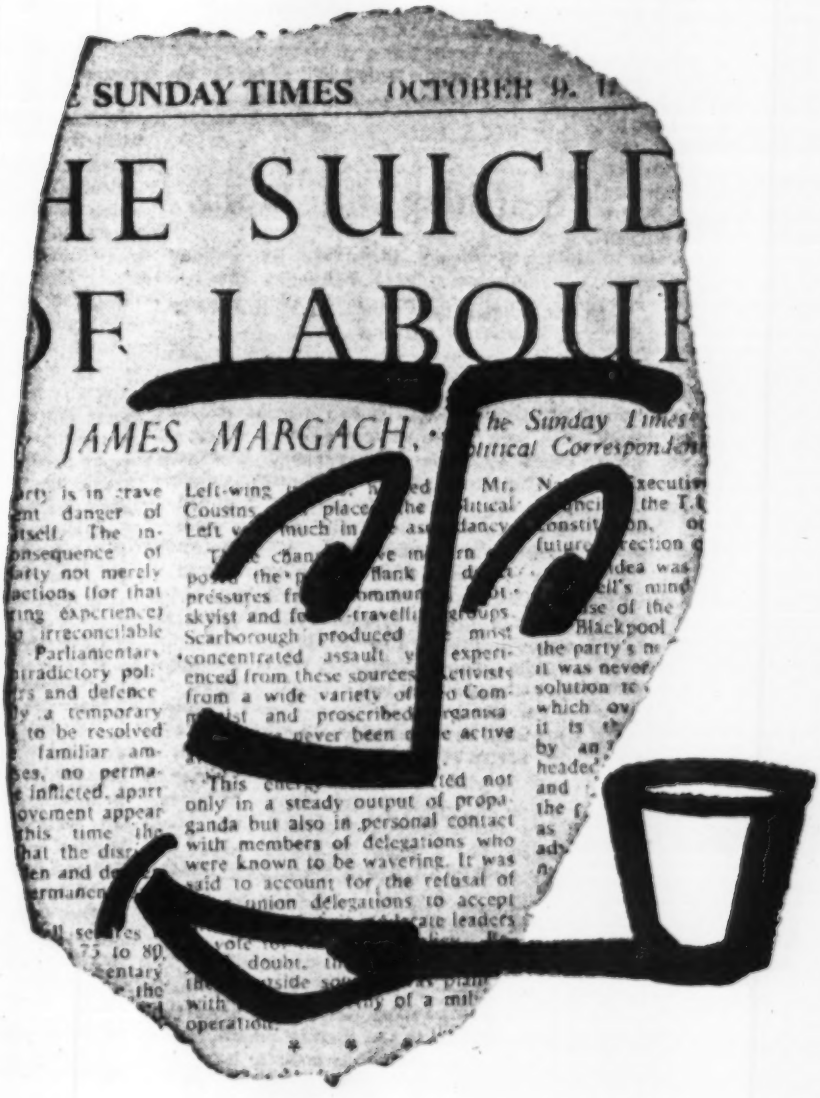
The South Sea Bubble. By JOHN CARSWELL. *Cresset.* 30s.

The Great Swindle. By VIRGINIA COWLES. *Collins.* 21s.

21 March	—	330
17 August	—	900
1 September	—	770
19 September	—	380
28 September	—	190

These were the figures for South Sea stock in the year 1720; figures as eloquent as any figures can be. Behind them lie many stories of fortunes made and lost, of shattered hopes and shattered lives. At one end of the scale was Thomas Guy, who sold shrewdly on a rising market, and founded a hospital on the proceeds; at the other was the luckless Duke of Portland, who withdrew from the agitated metropolis to seek refuge from his creditors, and a less expensive standard of living, in the decent obscurity afforded by the governorship of Jamaica.

What was the explanation of the mid-summer madness of 1720? It is over a quarter of a century since a study of it appeared, and there was ample room for a new, full-length account. By one of those ironies which must be particularly galling for publishers, two separate accounts have now been published in the space of a month, the last chapter of each entitled, perhaps rather obviously, 'The End of the Affair'. Both are serious attempts to unravel the tangled story, and both capture well the frantic atmosphere of those hectic months, Miss Cowles rather more stridently than Mr Carswell. Neither is particularly easy reading. Mr Carswell can be cryptic and allusive, and the going is sometimes tough; Miss Cowles, lighter and brighter, is less readable than she might have been, because of a tendency to write short sentences of uniform length and rhythm, which makes for a curiously jerky and monotonous effect. She also likes to introduce picturesque details, which at times detract from the continuity of her story. If I had had £50,000 to invest in South Sea stock in January 1720, I cannot help thinking I would have fared better with Mr Carswell as my agent. Miss Cowles would



I didn't attend the Labour Party Conference

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have made me feel a good deal more at home in Court circles than would Mr Carswell, but might she not have been paying too much attention to the gossip of the great, to be aware of the moment to sell?

Mr Carswell, on the other hand, really knows his way around the City. He has followed the twists and turns of the careers of men like John Blunt and Robert Knight, and provides a useful biographical guide to the individual members of the Court of Directors of the South Sea Company. His book is the product of valuable research into manuscript sources, and is an important contribution to the financial history of the early eighteenth century. It also gains heavily over Miss Cowles's book in its ability to relate the South Sea affair to the wider context of the economic life of the time. Miss Cowles tells a story well enough: the story of the 'Great Swindle'. Mr Carswell is all the time trying to probe deeper, and discover *why* the early eighteenth century was such a great age for great swindles. He concludes that the swindles 'illustrate far more than the gullibility of an age. They sprang from a vision of material progress in advance of the technical capacity to achieve it'.

This is the theme of his study: the vast opportunities afforded by the commercial expansion of the late seventeenth century, and the technical backwardness which hampered, and eventually was seriously to slow down, that expansion. This theme can be followed through his book, and gives it at once a unity and a significance which transcend the incidentals of the story. How far the stagnation of so many aspects of English life between 1720 and 1740 can be attributed to the South Sea affair will always remain a matter for debate, in which Mr Carswell provides valuable ammunition. And for those who prefer the incidentals, or wish to consider the vanity of human nature, there is much on which to ponder. There must surely be some significance in the fact that, among those who burnt their fingers worst in the South Sea flame, were Scottish peers and dons.

JOHN ELLIOTT

TOM STACEY
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This big novel introduces a major literary talent. Its subject matter is of prime importance, for it deals with a friendship between a Canadian and an educated African The action takes place in Oxford, Uganda, and the Congo, the issues it raises are at the very heart of the matter which now makes headlines everywhere. It may well prove to be the definitive novel on the African dilemma. 25s.

CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE
The Dear Deceit

Intelligence, clarity, wit and irony, qualities for which this author is already well known (remember *The Languages of Love*, and her *Grammar of Metaphor*) are ever-present in this devastating full-scale portrait of Alfred Northbrook Hayley, hypocrite, charmer, reprobate, whom Miss Brooke-Rose wonderfully succeeds in making not only credible but likeable too. 18s.

Secker & Warburg

Searching with Words

Collected Poems 1930-1960. By RICHARD EBERHART. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

The Drunk in the Furnace. By W. S. MERWIN. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Poems. By DOM MORAES. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Richard Eberhart is an American religious poet who writes without either a system of beliefs to buttress his visions or a stylistic tradition to provide him with a recognisable series of symbols and metaphors. A problem, therefore, which faces *all* American poets – namely, the establishment of a literary tradition – presents itself to Mr Eberhart in a peculiarly urgent and challenging way. Every poem he writes is both the transcription of an experience and also an inquiry into the validity of that experience. His special art is to make questions look like affirmations.

Mr Eberhart's *Collected Poems* represent the work he wishes to preserve from 30 years of poetry-writing. He has always been a prolific poet, a man who nags and teases at the same theme through dozens of poems. This theme is well expressed in a poem called 'The Moment of Vision' which first appeared in his fourth book, *Burr Oaks:*

> The moment of vision will come when it will,
> The gift of the gods, the unshakable
> Unbreakable
> Subtle intuitive stewardship, and still
> That matchless satisfaction of the maker.

He is a mystical poet in the most exact sense: that is to say, the vast majority of his poems are attempts to ensnare, to hold down, a transcendent experience or, to put the matter in traditional Christian terms, a personal awareness of God. But along with this desire to depict such an experience with complete fidelity goes the poet's delight in his own craft, the 'matchless satisfaction of the maker.'

Mr Eberhart is not an elegant poet; his language and texture have nothing of Richard Wilbur's chic comparisons or Wallace Stevens's scintillating and eclectic imagery. He is more concerned with being true to his own thoughts and feelings than with enticing his readers. He is, above all, determined to be honest and would rather write clumsily than impose an outward order on a poem which is chaotic at heart.

Since he has been obsessed with one overriding theme throughout his writing life, his work shows none of the ascents and descents which usually appear in the development of more conventional and more worldly poets. His subject-matter is his own vision or what R. P. Blackmur has aptly called 'the observation of the ideal'. Thus the famous early poem, 'The Groundhog,' is in no way inferior to the fine later poem called 'Formative Mastership'. The 'reverence for knowledge' of 'The Groundhog' has become 'the calm of solitary imaginings' in the later poem. The poet's attitude remains the same, his theme constant. And where Mr Eberhart finds himself forced to use abstractions, he informs them with a passion that makes them seem more like objects *felt* than ideas cogitated.

The Drunk in the Furnace, W. S. Merwin's fourth book of poems and the second to appear in this country, is the work of one of the most impersonal of the younger American poets. In this, he is markedly unlike Richard Eberhart. Mr Merwin seems to me to work by two methods; either he searches assiduously for the significance or meaning which resides in animal life, weather, landscapes, the jobs of men and women, or he seeks concrete analogues for his own abstract ideas. His last book, *Green with Beasts*, illustrated both these methods; his new one is more concerned with the second.

He is one of the most eloquent poets now writing in English. His language is confident, expansive, allusive. His cadences, which sometimes appear to be entirely free, are, in fact, severely though unobtrusively disciplined. He works chiefly with a long, supple, unrhymed line, a line which is perfectly suited to argument and ratiocination as well as to description. Here, for example, is the beginning of 'Bell Buoy,' which appears in *The Drunk in the Furnace* (a whole group of poems in this book is, incidentally, concerned with the sea):

> So we set signs over the world to say
> To ourselves, returning, that we know the place,
> Marking the sea too with shaped tokens
> Of our usage, which even while they serve us
> Make one with the unmeasured mist . . .

Mr Merwin is a highly civilised poet who is obsessed with the dark violences, the irrational disturbances that lie so near the surface of man and of the natural world. His poems are searches for order, searches which are so vivid and compulsive that the reader feels forced to participate in them himself.

In his second book, *Poems*, the young Indian poet, Dom Moraes, shows the same delicate lyricism which informed his first. Mr Moraes works entirely from personal experience, from his own emotional conflicts. A few of his new poems, such as 'A Letter,' 'Song' and 'Autobiography' are successful attempts to recreate his own childhood and adolescence. Most of the others are love poems of a haunting clarity and a touching honesty.

Mr Moraes is as eloquent as Mr Merwin but in an entirely different way; his language does not search, it enacts. What is most remarkable in his work is the way in which words seem to be driven out of him to fall not into chaos, but into beautifully articulated stanzas:

> 'I shall be he whom you will never find,
> Except in me: I am the last pretence:
> Dark angel of the world, who moves behind
> Dayfall, and whispers truth to innocence,
> Hurting it into tears . . .'

He is a poet of feeling not of ideas, of images not of concepts. If some of his metaphors seem to have become needlessly obsessive – I am thinking now of the repetitive 'climbing' and 'stone' – his best poems, those about love, depict a reciprocity of passion and tenderness which is most lucidly communicated.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

My Road to Berlin, by Willy Brandt, reviewed in our issue of 1 October, is published by Peter Davies at 25s.

Four Screenplays, by Ingmar Bergman (mentioned in our Autumn Books list) will be published by Secker & Warburg at 18s. It will include *Wild Strawberries* and *The Seventh Seal*.

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Criminology Arrives

The Detection of Secret Homicide. By J. D. J. HAVARD. *Macmillan.* 35*s.*

Pioneers in Criminology. Edited by HERMANN MANNHEIM. *Stevens.* 45*s.*

The British Journal of Criminology. *Stevens.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Among the people who need to study the annual Criminal Statistics for England and Wales, not many are misled by the apparently high rate of detection in murder cases – 132 out of 142, for example, in 1959. Fewer still would emerge from a study of this disturbing book by Dr Havard, physician, surgeon, and lawyer, with any shred of credulity left; for it seems that the most competent physicians, called upon to certify causes of death on the basis of 'the available clinical history and external examination of the body,' are likely to be wrong in one out of every three cases. Every year, more than 100,000 people are certified dead without being seen by the doctors who thus declare what they have died from, and many others are certified dead while very much alive, an arrangement with insurance possibilities which have been gratefully exploited in a number of well-known cases. Euthanasia is far more prevalent today than is uneasily supposed (to legalise it with safeguards might even reduce its incidence); and Dr Havard cites many instances in which a doctor, without troubling to look at the body, has ascribed to prolonged and known illness a death later found to be a 'mercy killing.'

Undertakers, often the only people to look at a body at all closely, may well see signs suggesting a cause of death not shown on the doctor's certificate; but, as Dr Havard points out, they are hedged in by the law of libel and by fear of damaging their goodwill. A stillbirth may not come to the notice even of the undertaker, for there is no law (except that relating to nuisance and public health, which can be simply observed) to prevent the burial or even the burning of a stillbirth in the back garden.

The belief that we should be better off without coroners (I had held it strongly for years) is modified – bludgeoned, almost – by this book into the realisation that, though it would be nicer without *some* coroners, the coroner system itself, as the mainspring of a medico-legal investigation technique, is essential to any hope of reducing the murder rate, or even finding out what the murder rate is.

'Pioneers are always superseded,' wrote Gilbert Murray in *Stoic, Christian, and Humanist,* 'otherwise they would not be pioneers.' He was writing about Comte and positivism; and the extent to which positivism among criminologists has survived to influence the criminal law of England is fascinatingly suggested in Dr Hermann Mannheim's introduction to *Pioneers in Criminology.* This remarkable collection of studies, the first volume in the new Stevens 'Library of Criminology,' would be worth possessing for Dr Mannheim's essay alone. The range of his thought and the clarity of his prose (in an adopted language, a fact which I find it hard to remember) make it the perfect tract for those who, in increasing numbers, are now wanting to know what criminology is *about.* I know a normally sophisticated man who went to interview one of our leading criminologists for a newspaper, and was dismayed to find that he had no magnifying glass or fingerprint powder. Criminologists will not come into their own until it is widely realised that they do not wear deerstalker caps or even rewrite famous trials for evening papers.

Between Dr Mannheim and Dr Clarence Ray Jeffery, who is Professor of Sociology in the Arizona State College and concludes this book with a short history of criminology, this fast-developing science is at last portrayed succinctly and vividly – without, if one may be inferentially rude to a large number of recent writers, any mumbo-jumbo. Invidiously or not, I wish to urge the importance of two other essays in this book – Professor Wolfgang of Pennsylvania on Lombroso, re-established here as the man who (despite all his nonsense about criminals' ears and feet) re-directed emphasis, at an important moment, from the crime to the criminal; and that of Dr Peter Scott of the Maudsley Hospital, who, by way of presenting Henry Maudsley at his 'hottest and coldest', has (over-modestly, I think) stood back and let Maudsley do most of the writing himself. A splendid book.

Delinquency is now to juvenile as pot is to kettle. Both have become popular epithets, to be whispered about other people's children. When the first number of the quarterly *British Journal of Delinquency* came out in July 1950, its title was criticised on the ground that the word delinquency was not appropriate to a journal intended to cover the whole field of criminology – law, medicine, sociology, psychology, psychiatry (which started life as clinical psychology), chemistry, physics, architecture, history, theology, social work, and thief-catching. Its editors (Drs Hermann Mannheim, Edward Glover, and Emanuel Miller, a remarkable trio) thought that the words crime and criminology were emotionally overloaded, popularly suggesting perhaps the triumphant snap of handcuffs after a roof-top chase. They stuck to 'delinquency' as a word with fewer 'moralistic implications.' That excellent and I think unique journal has just become the *British Journal of Criminology,* published now by Stevens for its founders, the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency: its editors have fresh reason to believe that the mental science in which they are universally respected figures has at last achieved intelligent recognition. But the new *Journal* nevertheless honours its past by adding to its title, in much smaller type, 'Delinquency and Deviant Social Behaviour.' Among the contents of Volume 1, No. 1, nothing is more valuable than the survey of research projects now going on in the field of criminology, for if the *Journal* did not provide this indispensable compilation I don't know who would. The rechristened *BJC* is already an international institution.

C. H. ROLPH

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Wild Man Changed

Neither Fear Nor Favour. By JOHN MCGOVERN. *Blandford.* 16*s.*

The Clydesiders who burst upon Westminster in 1922 were some of the very few revolutionary Socialists that this country has produced. They could preach the old-fashioned doctrine of class war with complete conviction, because it was an accurate description of the daily life of the Scottish workers they represented – and remained so long after conditions further south were improving. Perhaps, indeed, it was the isolated abnormality of Clydeside life that explains why these 'wild men' became domesticated pets at Westminster, where their talk, which was stark truth at home, sounded like romantic legend. By 1945, when I first saw them in action, Maxton and Kirkwood had mouldered into ancient but still splendid ruins – the kind of Socialist agitators a Tory can safely love. Even George Buchanan, whom I got to know as a surprisingly successful Minister of Pensions and Chairman of the National Assistance Board, had degenerated into a humane, entertaining but completely cynical observer of the political game.

A much more distasteful example of this retreat from revolution is afforded by John McGovern, who resigned his seat last year in order to concentrate on his work for Moral Rearmament. Unlike Maxton, McGovern was a proletarian, a typical Glasgow Irishman, brought up under the shadow of the priesthood and for this reason half rebel and half conformist. Before he entered politics he had an adventurous life, serving his apprenticeship as a plumber, wandering the world as a soldier and seaman.

In the ILP he soon made his mark as an organiser and agitator, concentrating, according to his own account, on the rougher side of street politics and leaving the theorising and policy-making to Maxton. Then, in 1930, John Wheatley died and McGovern, who took his place as Member for Shettleston, soon won notoriety as one of the wildest of the wild men. But, as the ILP withered, his revolutionary fervour withered too, until all

that remained of his ILP radicalism was an anti-Communism so embittered that it finally turned him into a junior Joe McCarthy. When he was still a Labour Member of Parliament, for example, he told a press conference in Bonn that there were 79 under-cover Communist agents in the Parliamentary Labour Party. But he was as unwilling, under pressure, as his American counterpart to give any details!

Moral Rearmament requires of anyone who has been 'changed' that he should accept the four Absolutes, which include, I believe, Truth and Love. Yet I have never read an account of life in the Labour movement which is more outrageously selective in its facts or more malicious in its judgments than *Neither Fear Nor Favour*. Despite his conversion, Mr McGovern remains a good hater, and any Christian charity that is going he bestows on such Top People outside the Labour Party as Sir Winston Churchill and the Royal Family.

Nevertheless, the book has some small historical value. One chapter, for example, contains a fascinating and detailed account, based on first-hand knowledge, of some very fishy peace-making by Lord Beaverbrook during the phoney war. Later on we are reminded of the one gloriously funny and wholly creditable episode in Mr McGovern's long parliamentary career. It was during the Bevanite crisis and a vote was to be taken on German rearmament. We Bevanites announced our intention of abstaining and it became clear that, if the Whips ordered the Labour Members into the Government lobby, there would be a mass revolt. Instead, therefore, they instructed everybody to abstain from voting for the Party policy. Characteristically, McGovern went off and voted in the Government lobby. When he was threatened with expulsion at the Party meeting, he looked Mr Attlee in the eye and said, 'Clem, I only had the courage of your convictions.'

For the sake of that one immortal moment I am willing to forgive and forget the complacent vindictiveness with which John McGovern remembers those colleagues who have tried to remain faithful to convictions he himself once held.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Half Citizens

Newcomers: The West Indians in London. By RUTH GLASS. *Allen & Unwin: Centre for Urban Studies.* 21*s*.

Coloured Immigrants in Britain. Edited by J. A. GRIFFITH. *Oxford.* 25*s*.

Who can now be unfamiliar with the problems created by the post-war incursion of fellow-citizens – some 210,000 of them – whose skins are a different colour from our own? We have either read or observed that the immigrants have trouble finding jobs equal to their qualifications; that they are frequently exploited by landlords; and that they meet prejudice equally in pursuit of pleasure. Neither of these studies adds much to the detailed knowledge available of the way immigrants live in this country and how they and we behave, but, for all that, both books are valuable because they are dedicated to shaking complacency and because in each the case is argued persuasively for an Act of Parliament against discrimination.

The danger is that if no action is taken, the present amount of discrimination will be accepted and will slowly increase. Public opinion will begin to accept the idea of a large, coloured minority with modified rights, a body of half-citizens generally earning their living at lower wages, living in poorer conditions. If discrimination is allowed to persist without any remedial action being taken, the personal status of this large group of fellow citizens will steadily decline.

Undoubtedly the danger Professor Griffith here describes is a very pressing one. Full employment enables us to be complacent about it. Trade unions which in Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Bristol, Coventry and elsewhere had their idealistic intentions severely strained some years ago, can, at the moment, easily lay their hands on their hearts. As their native members move to decently-paid jobs in motor car or engineering works, the immigrants move in on the buses and railways. (Even so, unemployment among coloured people in the Midlands is some seven times as great as among white.) But should there be a recession this winter the unions are very likely going to find themselves in a position more difficult than in 1957 and for this reason: thousands of immigrants now have seniority in their jobs.

If, as they are required to do, the unions insist on the principle of 'last in, first out' when deciding who is to be sacked, many immigrants will be entitled to stay. How will the sacked white workers take this? Especially if they are casual labourers without any sense of solidarity? The unions may well find themselves echoing that remark of Ben Tillett's to the Jewish clothing workers in the Nineties which Mrs Judith Henderson quotes in her lucid chapter in the symposium: 'Yes, you are our brothers, and we will do our duty by you: but we wish you had not come to this country.'

This remark of Tillett's raises, of course, the question of whether the immigrants' difficulties are really problems of colour. Do the Irish encounter as much prejudice? Is the hostility that West Indians meet in the dark corners of minds in Notting Dale and Brixton any different from the disgraceful prejudice that exists in a town like Wick against the tinkers – the McPhees – who have settled there? Clearly there is a more powerful sexual stratum in colour prejudice, but how much is the impulse to resist Commonwealth immigrants founded in the threat people in this class-ridden nation believe they represent to status and respectability?

All of which scarcely eases the painful effects of discrimination on minority groups who suffer from it. 'And does it really make any difference', asks Mrs Glass, 'if prejudice is called by another name?' The fact is that coloured people are more easily discernible targets – and both these studies make it clear that they are not becoming less so. Mrs Glass, who was assisted by Mr Harold Pollins, has studied the housing and working conditions of West Indians in London; offers a full account of the troubles of two years ago; and analyses attitudes towards this large and gay group of immigrants.

The evidence Mrs Glass offers, like that of the contributors to the Institute of Race Relations symposium, seems to me to override even the reasonable objections to legislation against the colour bar. The government is given to arguing that an act of parliament would run the risk of recognising the existence of discrimination in a way which might draw attention to it, and would tend to foster rather than do away with it. Laziness is probably the kindest epithet for this attitude. Laws may not make people civilised, but they help. And this

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is no academic matter. The housing situation is degenerating; unemployment is a real possibility. The immigrants have every right to be here, and so have every right to be regarded as equal citizens. These two books are valuable reminders that legislation is necessary not only to avoid the repetition of the violence of two years ago, but to ensure that immigrants are offered equality of opportunity with people born here.

W. JOHN MORGAN

New Novels

The Dear Deceit. By CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

To Kill a Mockingbird. By HARPER LEE. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Fenwick Houses. By CATHERINE COOKSON. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

Something Light. By MARGERY SHARP. *Collins.* 15*s.*

I have read many novels that appeared to have been written backwards, but only one that was intentionally so, and that is *The Dear Deceit.* Miss Brooke-Rose starts with the funeral of Alfred Northbrook Hayley, liar, thief, pornographer, prude, hypocrite, snob, fanatic, and she finishes up with his childhood. It isn't flashback; the reader is simply taken back and back and further back through the years as though he were a psycho-analyst delving deeper and deeper into the character of this horrible yet pathetic and engaging man. Now one hesitates to use the word 'gimmick' when dealing with so scholarly a writer as Miss Brooke-Rose, but the question must be asked: would Alfred Northbrook Hayley be such a fascinating character if his story were told the right way round, if, so to speak, one were to *read* it backwards? And the answer is yes: he is an original. But the way Miss Brooke-Rose has dealt with him, letting the outer husk fall away and then stripping off layer after layer of character formation until we see the shivering village boy at the beginning of it all, is enlightening and technically superb.

The innocent childhood game that tumbles into something adult and serious is a fairly common theme in fiction, but I have not for some time seen the idea used so forcefully as in *To Kill a Mockingbird,* a first novel by an American writer. The game is 'Making Boo come out' which the children of a Southern lawyer play outside the old home of a family of foot-washing Baptists where, according to one among many legends, Boo Radley has been kept chained up for years and years for stabbing his father with the scissors. Pretty soon we are in the adult game, based on the same fear and fascination of the dark: the ugliness and violence of a Negro's trial for rape and the town's opposition to the children's father for defending him. Miss Lee does well what so many American writers do appallingly: she paints a true and lively picture of life in an American small town. And she gives freshness to a stock situation.

Fenwick Houses is a cloth-cap novel, not about the ugly ducklings or golden geese of a working class on the move, but about a settled, Catholic mining family in a village in County Durham. Christine is a young girl who, sheltered by her mother and by the priest from the attentions of the local boys, falls disastrously for a stranger, one Martin, and becomes pregnant. Martin disappears; she brings up her baby, waiting for him to come back, which he does five years later, only to clear off again; and by golly if she doesn't become pregnant again! I doubt whether the plot would stand up in court, but Mrs Cookson is so much at home in her mining community that she makes the whole thing solid, credible, warm and satisfying. The first half of her book is set in the years before the Welfare State and it is in this period, I would guess, that she is happiest (I have not read any of her previous work). It is with something of a shock that we realise that by the end of the book we are well into the Forties, for little of the restlessness and re-appraising of working-class life in that period comes through. For this reason, *Fenwick Houses* is something of a penny-plain among the twopence-coloureds of contemporary working-class fiction. But well worth the penny.

Miss Margery Sharp has written a cosy, innocent tale, which if you don't hurt it will do you no harm, about a likeable girl who wants to get married to every man she meets only the man in each case only wants to take advantage of her kindly nature. The book's 256 pages are divided into four parts, the four parts are divided into 29 chapters, and each chapter is divided into about half a dozen numbered, easy-to-read segments. Why I am most obliged to Miss Sharp, however, is because she has been so accommodating in putting such a clear label on her book. *Something Light* she calls it and something light is exactly what she has on offer. I hope other authors will take the hint, and I look forward to *Something Cryptic, Something Significant* and *Something Monumentally Boring.*

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The Possessed

The Bachelors. By MURIEL SPARK. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

Muriel Spark's new novel will probably seem more impressive to readers who have not read *Memento Mori* than to those who have. It is certainly not to be missed, for, it goes without saying, it is very funny. Miss Spark's talent, it seems to me, is in many ways akin and comparable to Anthony Powell's in his pre-war fiction. With beautiful economy, she isolates, as Mr Powell did, a rather narrow range of contemporary types and pins them to the page quivering in their essential absurdity. Her victims this time are, as the title indicates, bachelors – barristers, museum keepers, schoolmasters, journalists, living in NW3, SW3, W11 and like places – and widows: in other words, the incomplete and deprived.

In one most important respect, however, she differs from the young Mr Powell. She is conscious – indeed, it is the foil to her comedy – of the unease that lies just beneath the surface of living, of the horror that cannot be faced and that must be faced. In this, her comedy has its affinities with Eliot's in *The Family Reunion* and *The Cocktail Party.* In *Memento Mori* she brilliantly and boldly canalised the unease that haunts all life in the mysterious telephone voice that warned the septuagenarians and octogenarians who were the main characters of the novel that they must die. By comparison, the Asmodeus-figure of the young man with the incipient horns in *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* was a whimsical and ineffective creation.

Since *Memento Mori,* Miss Spark, it seems to me, has been seeking without success for a device comparable with the telephone voice of that book in its power to tap the latent horror. To have succeeded in *The Bachelors* she would have had, I think, to have written a different kind of novel. She hasn't, in fact, been quite bold enough, and had she been, she might very well have disrupted her light, oblique, *sotto voce* comedy. The characters of *The Bachelors* are linked to one another through their relations with a middle-aged medium, Patrick Seaton, who is about to face a charge of forgery and fraudulent conversion. Seaton is the centre of a small Spiritualist group, The Wider Infinity, of which the widow he has defrauded is a member. The novel charts the reactions of the characters to Seaton's predicament and in doing so exposes most entertainingly a genteel underworld of pointless existences and pathetic wishfulfilments. Her own attitude to all this Miss Spark makes plain through the character of Ronald Bridges. He is, as it were, the real thing. He knows the true nature of possession by the unconscious or the subliminal, for he is an epileptic. A Catholic who had once hoped to be a priest, he has had to learn to live with his epilepsy. He knows at first hand that the 'spiritual', or whatever one calls the forces mediumship invokes, is not something lightly to played about with, that it is in fact destructive of personality, as the whole character and career of Seaton, who scarcely exists as an integrated person, show.

Bridges has accepted the especial curse laid upon him as the other bachelors have not. So far so good: Miss Spark has made her point. Unfortunately, her treatment of Bridges is scarcely less glancing than her treatment of the other characters, who by comparison are trivial in the extreme. Slight cases of witchcraft off the Bayswater Road are one thing;

Bridges's case is quite another. He belongs, if I understand Miss Spark's conception of him rightly, to an entirely different circle of Hell – or Heaven – from that of the other characters. He belongs, it seems to me, to another novel. I wish Miss Spark would write it; even if it meant the temporary rending of her admirably elegant comic art.

WALTER ALLEN

Changing Down

Behind the Scenes of Motor Racing. By KEN GREGORY. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25*s.*

Fifty Years with Motor Cars. By A. F. C. HILLSTEAD. *Faber.* 21*s.*

I have a weakness for books about motor racing. I wish motor racing writers had a weakness for literature. *Behind the Scenes of Motor Racing*, for example, should have made intriguing reading. The author knows everyone connected with the sport; he has managed Stirling Moss and Peter Collins; is in on the British Racing Partnership and the Yeoman Credit Racing Team; was secretary of the BRSCC, and has even done a little racing himself. You would never guess it from the way he writes. When he sticks to the facts he can be interesting enough, but his personal comments are about as individual as a travel brochure. His simply trots out the clichés of the Book of High Life and Business Success. It's really rather frightening to read a grown man writing like an advertisement. Occasionally, his innocence is amusing:

> I glanced at the newspapers, but they carried nothing but grave news. Then I thought about the car, and realised that the tank was empty. There and then I phoned up the travel agent and booked a flight to Nassau.

The 'grave news' in question was Suez! Yet his book is full of fascinating titbits, particularly about the great Moss: I never knew, for example, that after winning the fastest Mille Miglia ever he got back into a car at midnight and drove from Brescia to Stuttgart.

A. F. C. Hillstead's book is altogether more engaging. After all, he can write and that does more than make his work easier to get through than the pudding which Mr. Gregory would, I suppose, laughingly refer to as his prose. It also means that a person emerges from the book instead of a business concern. The person in question is, I grant, as reactionary as they come (and they come, heaven knows, reactionary): Mr Hillstead believes that the world in general and motor cars in particular have degenerated since the turn of the century; in fact, nothing has really gone right with cars since the manufacturers abandoned chain drive and took the gear lever off the running-board. All the same, cars are his passion and he has followed them with a peculiar disregard for his career.

He took a dogsbody job with A. V. Roe so as to be at Brooklands before World War I. He went off to South America and drove ironshod lorries across the Patagonian desert before there were roads to drive on. He joined Bentleys and became their sales manager in the years when the firm was still so small and unstable that he had to pay for business lunches out of his own pocket. Yet nothing really seemed to worry him, provided he could work with cars. He remembers each quirk of each machine and describes it lovingly. Occasionally, the passion becomes a mania; he begins to confuse cars with people and *vice versa*; 'In build, complexion and manner, he was as different as chain drive is from the conventional bevel and crown wheel'. Occasionally, too, he succumbs to the occupational vice of motoring writers: the need to justify himself, down to the last boring detail, in quarrels no one remembers. But as the confessions of a motor addict, Mr Hillstead's book is sympathetic, unpretentious and intriguing. And it proves that the sport is, after all, a drug like any other.

A. ALVAREZ

Week-end Competition

No. 1,599 **Set by Scythrop**

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation (limit 150 words) on the Wolfenden Report, in which one speaker thinks the subject is the Report on Sport, while the other supposes it is that on Prostitution and Homosexuality. Entries by 25 October.

Result of No. 1,596 **Set by Donkey**

The following lines were written by Dr Erasmus Darwin in praise of Arkwright's spinning process, established on the Derwent:

> First, with nice eye, emerging Naiads cull
> From leathery pods the vegetable wool;
> With wiry teeth revolving Cards release
> The tangled knots and smooth the ravell'd fleece:
> Next moves the iron hand with fingers fine,
> Combs the wide card, and forms th' eternal line;
> Slow with soft lips the whirling can acquires
> The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires;

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And these retain, and those extend, the
rove:
Then fly the spokes, the rapid axles glow
While slowly circumvolves the labouring
wheel below.

The usual prizes are offered for not more than 12 lines, in this manner, on any modern industrial process.

Report

This was an excellent entry and a score or more competitors reached the usual prize level. It seemed as if the wonderfully evocative words (tungsten, crucible, turbine, crystal, and so on) took over and evolved their own similes; the industrial process itself became responsible for the discipline of the verse. It is difficult to quote, but I sympathise with James S. Fidgen's 'Coggerwocky':

The transverse crownwheel pinion arms then
fold
Around the intake output manifold . . .
The cathodes and the anodes shunt the loads
Until, thank God, the whole machine
explodes.

Runners-up: Adrienne Gascoigne, Livingstone K. Bluntmore, Gloria Prince, B. B. Causer, G. J. Blundell, Doris Pulsford, Audrey L. Laski, David Iliffe, Ethel Talbot Sheffauer, Michael Stroud, Lyndon Irving, Fred Meredith and Rhoda Tuck Pook. Two guineas to J. A. Lindon; a guinea each to G. J. Stirling, W. H. H. Tucker and Alberick; half a guinea each to Marion Jordan and L. G. Udall.

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First are the Coated Tongues of silver-grey
Fed to the high-speed whirling Wires which flay
The surface with their steel, rip off the dross,
And leave a mutual-joy reflecting gloss
On mirror'd Lady Metal and her Match.
Now hold, moist panting breath! Hot fingers,
snatch
Not with such greasy appetite at Love,
Till Married properly by Force Above,
Cold-press'd with Applicable Tool together,
Both in one Die, the upper on the nether,
No more to separate in peace or war,
The pair now barely half of what they were
before.

J. A. LINDON

THE HYDROGEN BOMB

First gentle cordite goads the massy sphere
With twin of Pluto's silver to cohere:
Now winged neutrons pierce the sacred door,
And two appear where one had stood before;
This lightning army grows to set ablaze
The soft Deuterium with ardent rays.
More swiftly yet, shy Protons now unite
And sacrifice their limbs for greater light;
And new-born Helium with zealous flares
Outshines by far the sun whose name it bears.
The surging orb soars heavenward and dies,
While gaping Earth stares feebly in surprise.

G. J. STIRLING

SIEMAN'S OPEN-HEARTH MILD STEEL PROCESS

Three glistening demons guard the furnace door
And watch the greedy flames consume the ore;
Atop the solvent scrap the limestone flees
And melting, mingles with impurities
Until the taint is purged and steel is won
From sulphur, phosphorus and silicon.

Then to his task th'appointed demon goes
And smites the tap-hole till the liquid flows.
A hundred suns burst forth upon the day
To light the heaven with hell's breakaway;
Then ladled slag, drawn off, grows black and cold
While tensile induration fills the ingot mould.

W. H. H. TUCKER

THE BOTTLE FACTORY

First, ready piled, the moving belt await
Siliceous sand and sodium carbonate;
These Nature yields to form, with limestone grit
In just proportion mixt, glass-blowers frit.
The roaring vats rotate, and suction draws
The frit into th' electric furnace' jaws;
Fused by fierce heat into a viscous mass,
Thence fly the nuggets of translucent glass
Blown in their moulds the bottle-shapes appear,
These for some priceless vintage, those for beer.
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its part.

ALBERICK

ON CANNING FRUIT

The gleaming metal jaws gape, eager now
T'engulf the harvest of the orchard bough;
Reluctant stems are eased from mellow fruit:
On moving belt abundant rolls the loot,
Where eager hands remove such tarnished prey
As feels the touch, already, of decay.
Conveyed by unseen power, then gilded vessels
glide
To catch the influx of the unstemmed tide;
In tinny ranks await the proffer'd meed
Of sugared syrups; sway with lessened speed
T'obtain the crown of shining cap; and last
In vap'rous vat endure the purging blast.

MARION JORDAN

Fresh from the wheaten fields about
The fruit of Ceres falls in measured rout
Full cleansed into fair water all prepared
And then by Vulcan's raging aid is aired.
The gentle pulp, not touched by human hand
Moves steadfastly along an endless band
Through spinning rollers crushing it so fine
Then combed to threads by steely teeth in line.
By dumpy sprockets turned and made to shape
So to where fires of Hades yawn agape.
But now arises incense sweet ethereal,
Comes forth full born the golden breakfast
cereal.

L. G. UDALL

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The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

There is almost no month of the year when we do not hear pheasants calling – a sudden outburst of three to 30 short, excited croaks. This sound is much commoner now than the melancholy cluck and wail of partridge, although that also, and the persistent crying of pewits out of the mist, will always be associated in my mind with this place.

Although pheasants are to be seen all the year round, it is only now, in autumn, that we become aware of their great number. You may see a dozen at a time, each cock a subtle composition of rich colours, in any small field cleared of wheat a month ago by combine and baler. Often, two or three will loiter about a road, especially a road overshadowed by beech trees. They have no road sense and it is necessary to slow the car and give them a chance to do what they hate doing: take to their wings. For birds so strong and swift in flight, they seem to take little pleasure in it, and will probe a bank or hedge bottom for any issue to enable them to escape on foot, before making the tremendous effort of a steep take-off. And like domestic fowl they never get up without a peevish outcry.

Pheasants do not seem to flock: you may see a dozen in one place, but they have no more the air of being together than a dozen people who happen to be using a passenger-crossing at one time. Partridges, however, stay in their coveys until they pair late in the winter: six, eight or ten will scuttle across a road or ride, as unwilling to fly as pheasants. And although they will be neither in line ahead nor line abreast yet they are as obviously a family group as several pheasants together are obviously a chance gathering.

* * *

Though not, like partridge and grouse, natives, pheasants are perfectly well established as wild birds. But their number is maintained, now as formerly, by 'preserving'. In spring you can see, here and there, a pasture field symmetrically dotted with coops in each of which a hen-pheasant broods on a clutch of eggs. In Dorset last year when I wanted to cross hilltop land to the cliff-edge, I had to satisfy armed guards that I was no egg-thief. The place was an enormous pheasant hatchery. The nobleman these game keepers worked for was not spending thousands a year on pheasant-rearing for the love of sport or the entertainment of his friends. Pub gossip put the price of carrying a gun in his shoots at 300 guineas a season, and that gave you the right to only one brace of birds: if you wanted more, you bought them. The bag went to market to be sold in the shops at anything from 20s to 40s a brace.

Whether this business is profitable or merely pays the land-owner for his sport, I do not know. Well-managed, it probably shows a profit. But not all the pheasants in England are preserved birds. There is much wild breeding and sometimes a new combination of genes produces a singular beauty. For a whole September a pheasant as blue-black as a raven haunted our hen run, either in love with the hens, or with their maize, or perhaps with the safety of their cage. From time to time a cock-pheasant will tread a domestic pullet; the offspring of such irregular unions are, as Gilbert White wrote after describing one, 'mules'. And, no doubt isolated by their

own singularity like our black pheasant, they lead hunted, precarious lives.

* * *

I favour our undemocratic system of game laws. Free game rights and you exterminate the game, as in France. A French sportsman of my aquaintance, with a little money to spare, does his shooting in Ireland. But pheasant-preserving is no longer and need not be a rich man's privilege. I know of two small game-preserving syndicates in this neighbourhood, run by men living on wages or the earnings from small businesses. They work like this: a farm-foreman, a publican, a small shopkeeper and a tractor-driver, all fond of shooting and members of clay-pigeon shooting clubs, join with a smallholder whose property includes a dozen acres of coppice or woodland. Eggs are bought and set under two or three broody hens in someone's yard. A score of pheasants are reared and in due season released in the syndicate's bit of woodland and kept there by feeding with grain. When autumn comes the total bag of pheasants will not necessarily, or even usually, be equal to the number reared: some stray, and some are poached by foxes. But I dare say that where the little man's wood marches with the great man's preserves, it is not unknown for the syndicate's bag to exceed their reared stock.

Recent books on the English countryside: *The Coast of England and Wales in Pictures*, by Professor J. G. Steers (Cambridge, 30s.) and *The New Forest*, a symposium introduced by the Earl of Radnor (Dent, 30s.).

City Lights

TAURUS

Monckton reports, referendums, rumours of nationalisation – Africa is always good for a story. But the City is no longer willing to squander emotion abroad. The sponsors of the biggest and best-advertised unit trust offer yet are prudently trying to lure the small investor with the promise of a high return on his money rather than of a quick capital profit, yet even they refuse to touch Africa: when they need high yields, they will buy good English preference shares.

The City's present phlegm, however, is a symptom of watchfulness rather than apathy, its solicitude for the market being now tempered with the hope that Bank rate will soon be reduced to a more reasonable level. This hope owes little to the argument that the British economy, always one whisky under par, now needs at least two to keep it going; nobody really regards a small cut in Bank rate as a pick-me-up, and the officials (as opposed to the politicians) show few signs yet of wishing to abolish HP restrictions or reverse the squeeze on bank advances. But the hot money for which the Duke marched his men so furiously up the hill in June has at last surfeited them all. They now expect to be marched at least half-way down again.

An accident promises to make the retreat less painful than it might otherwise have been. The United States, dutifully supported by Britain, made it quite plain to Germany at the recent meeting of the International Monetary Fund that action should now replace pretexts – long-term measures to assume a fairer share of the burden of foreign aid, immediate steps to discourage the dangerous craze for D-marks. The simplest, least painful course of action open to Germany is a cut in short-term interest rates. Reluctant as she may be to cut rates while the boom is still roaring, her reluctance seems to have weakened. The City, at any rate, when the French cut their discount rate at the end of last week, immediately assumed that Germany and Britain would soon follow France. The government, cashing in on an assumption which has everything to recommend it, is selling gilt-edged stock for all it is worth.

* * *

If the balance of payments statistics are to be improved – and they certainly need improvement – there is everything to be said for bringing in someone sufficiently fresh and experienced to pull to pieces the established procedures and prejudices. The Board of Trade's long inquiry into the movement of long-term capital into and out of Britain, and into the return earned on this capital, shows up the old estimates as the wild guesses they often were and makes it possible, for the

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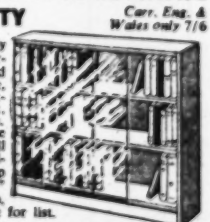

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first time, to discuss foreign investment policy seriously.

But the new figures are still tantalisingly incomplete. No attempt has been made, for example, to measure the value of foreign investments and it is still impossible to tell whether British investment in the mines and plantations of the sterling area is as much less profitable than US investment in British industry as it appears to be: something better than depreciation figures should be made available, for all the obvious difficulties of valuation. Again, the multifarious operations of oil (and insurance) companies have still to be analysed, and until the analysis is published it is impossible to judge whether oil is even more important than everyone supposed or whether the old estimates of private investment abroad were pitched too high; this question, which is not academic at a time when countries of the western alliance are all busily cooking figures to show how much they are already doing for the underdeveloped foreigner, should be answered before long. A third question can be answered as soon as the Board of Trade chooses – how much of Britain's private long-term investment abroad (which turns out, as expected, to be predominantly in the sterling area) has been going to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Rhodesia, and how much to the rest?

* * *

It begins to look as if the government may have taken fright over Cunard. It is certainly going to provide a loan of the size recommended by the Chandos Committee to help Cunard build the recommended replacement for the *Queen Mary* – it could hardly do otherwise, having tangled the *Queens* with British prestige in its election manifesto – but the 'form and conditions' of the loan are going to be somewhat different from those recommended. Lord Chandos suggested an £18m loan at a rate of interest which was not merely well below anything Cunard could hope to get in the market but which was to be reduced still further if Cunard's return on its own minority share in the new *Queen* fell below a vaguely-defined three per cent. It is not surprising that this was more than Cunard's competitors were prepared to stomach.

Company News

Bids are still going strong. A *John Brown* subsidiary is thinking of bidding for *Coventry Machine Tool*. *Pressed Steel* is acquiring *Auster* and going into the aeroplane business, with Peter Masefield of Bristol to show it the way. *Venesta*, which makes plywood and packing-cases, is using the money it got by selling its aluminium foil business to TI in bidding for *Winterbottom Industries*.

M. Samuel, the merchant bank which at the turn of the century switched from importing shells to financing oil exploration and still acts as Shell's financial agent, is to become public.

The *Sunday Pictorial*, balancing higher dividends from Associated Television against a drop in its own profit, has raised its interim dividend.

Imperial Chemical shares have fallen a little since the announcement that another 1.8m. shares had been handed over to employees under the profit-sharing scheme: ICI employees are known to find a quick capital profit irresistible.

The Chess Board

No. 570. Dodge For Enticing

My headline quotes one of the Oxford Dictionary's lucid definitions for something we chess-players are apt to be bothered about: a trap. We may covet it or fear it, and some of us may be slightly ashamed of it when finding 'piece of duplicity' as one of the O.D. definitions for 'dodge' but another one says 'device for securing an end', and since the end we wish to secure is victory, why shouldn't we use any device serving that end? What's wrong with psychological warfare? Nothing, I would say, evidently in full agreement with K. Dreyer, the South-African master who sent me this game from the Johannesburg Club Championship.

1) P-K4, P-QB4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3) P-Q4, PxP; 4) KtxP, P-Q3; 5) Kt-QB3, Kt-B3; 6) B-QB4, P-K3; 7) B-Kt3, B-K2; 8) 0-0, 0-0; 9) K-R1, B-Q2; 10) P-B4, Kt-QR4; 11) P-K5, Kt-K1; 12) Q-Kt4, KtxB, 13) RPxKt, P-B4; 14) PxP e.p., RxP; 15) Q-K2, P-QR3;

Now here Dreyer saw certain possibilities, provided he could get the enemy Queen on to her QB2. Trying to lure her by the 'win of a tempo' he played 16) B-Q2, provoking . . . Q-Kt3; and after 17) B-K3 Black promptly obliged by . . . Q-B2. The sequel was remarkably short.

18) P-B5, Q-Q1; 19) PxP, B-QB1; 20) Kt-Q5, R-Kt3; 21) KtxB ch, QxKt; 22) R-B7, resigns.

An equally well deserved chessbook voucher goes to Dr P. C. Wason who sent me this interesting game he won in a BCCA tournament this year.

1) P-K4, P-QB4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3) P-Q4, PxP; 4) KtxP, Kt-KB3; 5) Kt-QB3, P-Q3; 6) P-B4, P-KKt3; 7) B-QKt5, B-Q2; 8) BxKt, BxB; 9) P-K5, PxP; 10) PxP, Kt-K5; 11) KtxKt, BxKt; 12) 0-0, B-Kt2; 13) R-K1, Q-Q4; 14) P-B3, BxKP; 15) Q-R4 ch, K-B1; 16) B-R6 ch [Better than RxB which would be refuted by . . . BxP ch!; 17) KxB, QxR; 18) B-Kt5 ch, K-Kt1; 19) K-Kt1, Q-R4; 20) Kt-B5, Q-Bsq; 21) Q-Q4, P-K4! etc!, B-Kt2; 17) Kt-K6 ch, QxKt; 18) RxB, Q-Kt3 ch; 19) B-K3, QxP; 20) R-KBsq, R-K1? [Loses at once; he might have tried . . . R-Q1]; 21) Q-Q7!, QxBP; 22) R-QB1, Q-R4; 23) RxP, resigns.

Now here's a position which D. H. R. Stallybrass achieved in the recent Ilford Congress. /2r3k1/2q2r1p/4p1pB / p3p3/2Pp4 / 3Q1KtR1 / P4K2/R7/. This certainly looks like one of those positions pregnant with combinative possibilities, and Stallybrass promptly started with a somewhat obvious but none the less pleasing Rook-sacrifice.

1) RxP ch, PxR; 2) QxP ch, K-R1; 3) R-R1, RxKt ch [evidently the only chance]; 4) KxR, Q-B3 ch; 5) K-B2, B-K8 ch [again the only chance to stave off immediate disaster]; 6) RxB, R-KKt1; 7) Q-B6 ch, K-R2; 8) Q-B7 ch, K-R1; 9) R-KKt1, Q-K1; 10) B-Kt7 ch, resigns.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position achieved by one of our regular contributors. He had just played R-B3, and when his opponent (well aware that the Kt was taboo) blundered . . . Q-KR4 White forced the win quite prettily in 3 moves. How? For 6 & 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins; and since the one comes from one of our Israeli readers and the other one from Edinburgh's most loyal ladder-hero, we've got a competition as completely homemade as it ought to be in a 'Readers' Own' week. Usual prizes. Entries by 24 October.

A: L. G. Kennion, 1960

B: J. Aizikowicz, Haifa, 1960: /q7/3k4/8/2K5/2Q5/24/.

C: E. Allan, Edinburgh, 1960: /8/p7/1qp3K1/4kp2/2P4p/PKt1P4/1R5P/8/.

REPORT on No. 567. Set 24 September

A: 1) . . . Kt-R4?; 2) KtxP! (. . . PxKt being ruled out by 3) B-B7).

B: 1 K-Q4, P-Q3 (forced); 2) K-B3, P-Q4 (forced); 3) K-Q4!, P-Kt5; 4) KxP!! After 4) K-Q3?? Black would win by . . . K-Kt1! etc., P-Kt6; 5) K-B6, K-Kt1 (forced); 6) K-Kt6, P-Kt7; 7) P-R7 ch, K-R1; 8) K-R6! and draws.

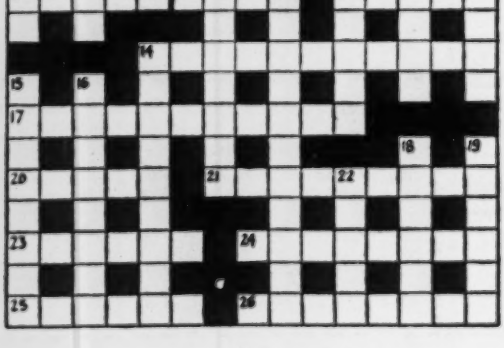
C: 1) P-K7, R-K5 !. . . BxP being defeated by 2) R-B5 ch!; 2) R-B4!, R-K3; 3) R-B5 ch, KxP; 4) R-B6!, R-K4; 5) R-B4, ch, B-B5 (best); 6) RxB ch, K-K16; 7) R-B3 ch!, K-R5 (best); 8) R-R3 ch!, K-Kt4; 9) R-Q3, P-B3; 10) R-Q8, P-K7; 11) P=Q, P=Q 12) R-Q5 ch!! etc

A fairly tough lot. Even so, quite a few correct solutions, even more near-correct ones. Prizes: E. Allan, C. Allen, M. P. Furmston, A. J. Sobey, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 427

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 427, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 25 October.



ACROSS

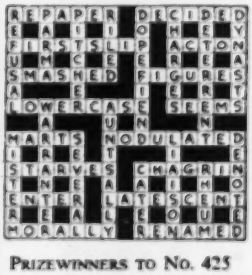
1. Roots which put the norm ahead of certainties (8).
5. Quoted party backing for the sea (6).
9. Team with a gap at centre-half (8).
10. 'An old man, broken with the —— of state' (*K. Henry VIII*) (6).
11. It is not terminal but puts the people with the best degrees at the head (5, 4).
13. Cleaner married for her attractiveness (5).
14. Half hope to capture an allocation for discernment (11).
17. I am in the silent ship wrecked for the barbarians (11).
20. Playwright finally has backing for his work (5).
21. Cudgel finishing with those who are sick and the reverse of healthy (9).
23. Unhealthy looking for a second with the driver (6).
24. The sword of Sir Thomas on earth (8).
25. Roots for foreigners (6).
26. Dry death possibly combined with water (8).

DOWN

1. Calm down when caught with a proviso in wages (6).
2. Football team with a bit of cricket inside (6).
3. Composition with nothing catchy in it? (5).
4. Disease half rife in re-writing petitions (11).
6. A court sat in chaos to create absolute rulers (9).
7. The tortoise has one leg below the earth (8).
8. Window frame as fitted into the building material (8).
12. Possibly I am surrounded by powerful friends (11).
14. Anguish on board is a subject for the artist (9).
15. Satisfies animals without food (8).
16. To take part in the struggle I started a fire inside a friend (8).
18. MP makes a mountain over a tiny fragment (6).
19. 'To lift —— steel against our golden crown' (*K. Richard II*) (6).
22. Course for a liberal and a philosopher (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 425



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 425

Guy Warrack (London, W8)
Mrs A. Woods (Hayes)
Mrs M. F. Bond (Windsor)

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES, BANGOR

APPLICATIONS ARE INVITED for two RESEARCH POSTS in connection with an investigation by a small team of the physical, chemical and biological conditions of inshore waters, with particular reference to the biology of sessile marine organisms. The senior post is open to applicants with a research degree in chemistry or a branch of biology. A thorough groundmg in the physical sciences is, however, essential, and experience in analytical methods would be an advantage. Salary scale £1,000 x £50 – £1,200.

The second post is for a marine zoologist with research experience. Salary scale £700 x £50 – £900.

Both posts are for a period of 5 years. Applications, together with the names of three referees, should be sent to the Registrar, University College of North Wales, Bangor, from whom further details may be obtained, not later than 31 October 1960.

COVENTRY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Re-advertisement

WARDEN required for WYKEN ADULT EDUCATION, COMMUNITY AND YOUTH CENTRE. Experience of Evening Institute Classes, Community Centre and/or Youth Work desirable. Post offers opportunities for development of large Centre and for experimental work in co-ordination of educational and social services. Salary APT III (£960 – £1,140). Living accommodation available. Application forms and further particulars from Director of Education, New Council Offices, Coventry.

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

YOUTH SERVICE – DISTRICT YOUTH OFFICERS

(a) Barnes and Richmond
(b) Esher.

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for appointment as District Youth Officer for Barnes and Richmond and Esher. Recognised Diploma or Certificate of Training with administrative and suitable practical experience essential. Salary (men) £770 x £27 10s. – £1,070, (women) £720 x £22 – £980 plus equal pay increment.

Application forms and particulars on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned by 28 October.

CITY OF LEICESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE

SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGICAL SERVICE

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist in the School Psychological Service. Duties include educational and clinical work and afford much scope. Candidates will be expected to possess a degree in psychology, practical training in child psychology and to have had teaching experience. Ability to lecture an asset. Applications from persons at present taking training will be considered.

Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Educational Psychologist's Scale.

Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester. Completed applications should be returned to this office not later than fourteen days after the appearance of the advertisement.

INTERGOVERNMENTAL ORGANISATION IN AFRICA

requires bilingual staff (English/French) with University and Secretarial training to fill interesting and responsible positions in French-speaking and English-speaking African countries; good salary; free furnished accommodation; leave on full pay at end of 18 month tour; possibilities of travel and conference work throughout continent.

Please write, with full particulars, to Box 7867.

PUBLISHER'S representative, salaried, to sell scientific and technical books to university level throughout British Isles. Training given. Box 7854.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX

RAINSFORD YOUTH CENTRE & SENIOR EVENING INSTITUTE, CHELMSFORD.

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of this Centre.

Candidates should hold a Degree, Social Science Certificate/Diploma or Teaching Certificate and must have had experience in Youth work.

Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz: £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 p.a.

The scale is subject to additions for training, and for graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Salary Report conditions. Previous experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary.

Further details and application form from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 31 October 1960.

HILLCROFT ADULT RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

RESIDENT TUTOR (woman) with good honours degree and some teaching experience or teacher training required in January or October 1961 at adult residential college near London to teach, at first year level, either ECONOMICS or PSYCHOLOGY and one of the following subjects: Social History, Political Theory, Government or Philosophy. Salary range £753-£1,366 p.a.

Further information: Secretary, Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

ASSISTANT EDUCATION SECRETARY

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Education Secretary to the Bristol Co-operative Society Ltd. Applicants should have a good knowledge of Co-operative Organisations and of the activities organised by a progressive Co-operative Education Committee. Co-operative Union Certificates an advantage. NUCO Scale of Wages. Accommodation own responsibility. Form of application, to be returned not later than Thursday, 27 October 1960, may be obtained from the Co-operative Education Department, Prewett Street, Bristol, 1.

ST JOHN'S AND MANOR HOUSE HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

ST JOHN'S HOSPITAL, STONE, AYLESBURY, BUCKS.

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER or SOCIAL WORKER. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a Psychiatric Hospital with 865 beds and an extensive out-patient service. Candidates must hold a Certificate approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers or a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council scales. Applications, with two names for reference, to the Physician Superintendent, St John's Hospital, forthwith.

LONDON County Council. Qualified Psychiatric Social Workers required as members of mental health social worker teams now being established in the nine health divisions of the county. Duties of teams include all aspects of community care work for mentally ill and mentally sub-normal, and the psychiatric social worker as a member of a team will have special responsibility for individual case work demanding his/her qualifications. Interesting position with ample scope in developing service. Whitley salary and conditions. Married women eligible. Particulars and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/NS/2589/10), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 31 October.

LATIN tutor wanted. Boy requires two evenings coaching per week for GCE. South West London. Box 7778.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

G.E.C.

PRESS OFFICER

The General Electric Co. Ltd requires a Press Officer to handle Press relations for its wide range of lighting products, including display signs. He will also be responsible for editing one of the Company's magazines, with mass home and overseas circulation. He should be capable of organising Press visits and keeping close contact with trade and home magazines. Ability to work on own initiative is essential. Journalistic experience preferred. Age 25-35. Apply in writing with full details to the Staff Manager, Magnet House, Kingsway, London, WC2, quoting Ref. P.O.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x £105 – £2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 2 December 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Lectureships (2) in Political Science. The University invites applications for two vacant Lectureships in the Department of Political Science. The salary scales for Lecturers are Grade II, £A1,650 – £70 – £1,860 and Grade I, £A1,860 – £70 – £2,350. Appointments will be offered within either of these grades according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 Nov. 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Lecturer in Psychology. The University invites applications for the position of Lecturer in Psychology. The salary scales for Lecturers are Grade II, £A1,650 – £70 – £1,860 and Grade I, £A,1,860 – £70 – £2,350. Appointment will be offered within either grade according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 November 1960.

THE Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives & Technicians invites applications for the position of Industrial Officer for the London area. Applicants will be required to have experience in trade union organisation and collective bargaining. Salary scale (now under review): £834 10s. p.a. rising by two annual increments to £934 10s. p.a., plus £78 p.a. exps allnce. Application forms from the General Secretary, ASSET, 'Sutton House', 2/4 Homerton High St, London, E9. Closing date for receipt of forms: 10 November 1960.

ORGANISING and Appeal Secretary required by (Jewish) Refugee Organisation. Commencing salary £1,500 (plus bonus). Only first-class applicants (male or female) will be considered. Box 7851.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

Housefathers (single – resident or non-resident)

required as a result of recently authorised increase in staff at Stamford House, London, W12, a remand home and classifying centre for 100 boys under 16 yrs. Housefathers will be attached to one of four groups (two of 30 boys and two of 20) physically separate except at assembly and meals, each supervised by a housemaster for whom the housefather may deputise. Boys spend their normal school hours in the education department. There will be opportunity for the successful candidates to assist in assessment and allocation of boys committed to approved schools, and there will be opportunity for contact with probation officers, welfare officers, psychologists, psychiatric social workers and psychiatrists and with approved schools in Central and Southern England. Residential or comparable experience essential; ability to organise hobbies and activities, and possession of Home Office certificate an advantage. Opportunities of advancement to housemaster.

Salary £555 x £20 to £595 (less £138 for board etc. if resident). 4 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply to Children's Officer (WDO/NS/2538/10), The County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Programme Assistant (British) in Bulgarian Section. Duties include assisting the Programme Organiser in planning and organising programmes to Bulgaria and Albania, deputising for him in his absence and supervising and co-ordinating duties of programme staff. Candidates should have knowledge of British and international affairs, with particular reference to Eastern Europe, ability to work with and manage staff and experience as a broadcaster or writer. Knowledge of Bulgarian language desirable but successful candidate must in any case be willing to study the language in order to become reasonably fluent. Salary £1,395 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,770 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60/G/499/N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant for English by Radio (English lessons for listeners overseas) to supervise the extensive range of publications, including books, pamphlets, sleeves and labels, and to maintain a high and consistent level of presentation. This will involve dealing with agents abroad, who in many cases are publishers on their own account, and with printers and binders. Ability to advise on typography, layout and effective use of illustrations essential. Knowledge of colour printing, some experience of advertising and experience in a publishers' office are desirable. Salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,185 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60/G/510/N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant for its Arabic Service Audience Research Section in London. Work involves study of large volume of listeners' letters mostly in Arabic from all parts of the Arab World. Duties include translating, answering and analysing letters, and analysing and helping to draft reports on questionnaires. Good Arabic and English and ability to write well and fluently essential. Applicants should be generally well informed, have an aptitude for working systematically and for handling information and selecting significant items. Ability to read handwriting used in different parts of the Arab World an advantage. Salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,185 p.a. max. Initial appointment might be at lower grade with prospect of later promotion if no fully qualified candidate is available. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60/G/512/N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant (female), Field-work Section, Audience Research Department. Duties include some office work but consist mainly of training and supervising part-time interviewers, men and women, engaged on the continuous countrywide surveys of listening and viewing of adults and children. Considerable travelling is involved and much time will be spent outside London. Candidates should be capable of giving clear and easily understood instructions to people of many different kinds. Good knowledge of BBC programmes and some practical experience in training of staff or in market research interviewing desirable. Salary £675 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £875 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60/G/507/N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. A Research Officer is required to work on a follow-up study sponsored by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research of attitudes and vocational adjustment of young men, which is expected to last two to three years. Applicants should have good degrees, preferably in Sociology or Psychology, and experience with survey work and interviewing. Salary within the range £900-£1,000 a year plus £60 a year London Allowance. A salary higher than the maximum quoted may be considered for applicants with exceptional qualifications. In assessing the starting salary consideration will be given to age, experience and qualifications. Applications, with the names of two referees, should be received not later than 25 October 1960 by the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CANE Hill Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Clinical Psychologist required at the above large psychiatric hospital. Applicants must possess honours degree in psychology and preferably have had additional training in clinical psychology. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with those prescribed by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council 'A' for the Health Services. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience and naming three referees to the Physician Superintendent immediately.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHILD Welfare Officers, London County Council. Children's Department. Applications invited from suitably qualified and/or experienced men and women for appointment as Child Welfare Officers. One vacancy exists now for male CWO; successful women candidates will be placed on a panel for appointment to future vacancies as they arise. Selected applicants will be based at one of nine Area Children's Offices in the County of London and their duties will include preventive casework, reception into care, boarding out, adoption supervision, after care, rehabilitation and other case-work for deprived children and their families. As children under supervision are placed in a wide area in and around London a considerable amount of travelling would probably be involved and ability to drive is therefore very desirable. Assistance towards the cost of driving tuition would be available to non-drivers. Loans may be available to assist officers to purchase cars. Candidates should have previous experience of child care or allied social work; possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or certificate in Applied Social Studies and/or appropriate academic qualifications would be an advantage. Commencing salary within range £665/£965 (subject to review) according to qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion to senior CWO positions carrying salary £850/1,185. Forms and details from Children's Officer, (E.1/NS/2451/10), County Hall, Lond., SE1.

LONDON County Council. Deputy Superintendent (male) required at Beechholme, Fir Tree Road, Banstead, Surrey, a home for 355 children (aged between 1½ and 15 years) in the Council's care, accommodated in a number of houses. Practical knowledge of modern child care and interest in future developments in this field required with proved administrative ability. Successful candidate will deputise for Superintendent as necessary in all respects and will be responsible for particular aspects of the work as arranged with Superintendent. £790-£940 (under review). 6 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer (WDO/NS/2630/10), County Hall, SE1.

ALMONER, Banstead Place. Pioneer unit for rehabilitation of severely disabled young people. Experienced Almoner required for planning, research and welfare. 32 beds with at least 90 admissions a year. Applications to the Secretary, Dorincourt Estates, Leatherhead Court, Surrey.

CHILD Care Officer (Woman) with experience required for Home Counties area, holding Social Science and/or HO Certificate Child Care. Able to drive car. Travelling and subsistence allowances. Appointment, according to experience, within APT Grades I/II (£610-£880), plus London Weighting. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing within 14 days of this notice, stating age, education, qualifications, and experience, enclosing copy of testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation for Children, 40 Brunswick Square, London, WC1.

LONDON County Council. Vacancies for qualified Psychiatric Social Workers exist at (1) Ardale Approved School for boys, Stifford, near Grays, Essex, (2) Coombe Hall School for 45 maladjusted boys, East Grinstead, Sussex, (3) Dromenagh School for 34 maladjusted boys, Iver Heath, Buckinghamshire, and (4) Bredinghurst School for 45 maladjusted boys, Peckham Rye. Applications invited for full-time or part-time employment connected with one or more of these establishments. Duties mainly involve visiting children's homes in London. Whitley salary and conditions. Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/NS/2614/10), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 31 October.

SAFFRON Walden Training College, Essex. Required 1 January 1961, or as soon as possible, a Senior Assistant to Domestic Bursar to be responsible for the organisation of work of daily cleaners and to work with and to represent the Domestic Bursar. A trained older person is sought who can take responsibility, previous experience taken into consideration in fixing salary on scale (or at maximum) £500 x £25 – £650, with vacation living bonus and full residential emoluments. Pensionable post. Particulars from and applications to the Registrar.

BETHNAL Green Old People's Welfare Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of Assistant Visitor. Salary £415 per annum rising by annual increments of £25 to £525. Experience in dealing with old people an advantage. Able to drive car essential. Forms of application and conditions of appointment will be sent on application to the: Secretary, Old People's Welfare Committee, Town Hall, Bethnal Green, E2.

SOLICITORS (Aldwych) require assistant solicitor (aged 25-30) principally for conveyancing and probate. Newly admitted solicitor would be considered if sufficiently experienced during articles. Applicant should be keen lawyer. Salary according to experience and ability. Box 7872.

WANTED: part-time German teacher, West End School. Box 7888.

CITY of Bradford. Applications are invited for the post of Keeper of Bolling Hall, a period house museum in Bradford. Initiative and enthusiasm for the type of work carried on will be looked for, and candidates should normally have a degree and some knowledge of history. Salary £815-£960. Further details from The Town Clerk, The Town Hall, Bradford, 1. Closing date 31 October.

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for both pre and after-care in Community Care Service. Adequate office accommodation & clerical assistance available. Offers scope & interest in this field of psychiatric social work. There is an establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers, and a County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser has been appointed. Case-work consultation with experienced psychiatric social workers available for the newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Established. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance payable. Particulars and 2 referees to the County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5, & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 28 October. (Quote E.499NS).

HOUSEMOTHERS required to take charge of mixed homes for 10 and 12 school age children, respectively at Romford and Brentwood. Candidates must have had previous experience or training in residential work with children. Salary £450-£550 a year less £120 for board/lodging plus £30 if Home Office certificate held. Apply immediately to Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

SOCIAL Research Assistants. A leading commercial organisation invites applications for six to twelve field assistants with professional qualifications in sociology, psychology or anthropology. The work is temporary and could be completed part-time if desired over a period of up to a month. Although a field team is being built-up for one study in the first instance, there is a likelihood of subsequent employment in similar work as it is proposed eventually to form a small permanent unit for which assistants on the first projects will be eligible. The project for which staff are presently being recruited follows two years of systematic field work by senior social scientists in an important area of purchaser-seller relationships. The next phase constitutes the conduct with 150-200 retailers of schedule guided interviews requiring considerable co-operation from respondents and correspondingly high capacities in interviewers. The preferred age range is 25-30. Remuneration will be in accordance with qualifications but will be at professional rates. Applications, which will be treated in confidence, should be addressed to: Box 7880.

IMPORTANT old-established London Publishers with rapidly growing list of general books require a man of about 30 with at least 5 years' experience with large publishing house to take over the responsibilities of Assistant Editor. Substantial salary and excellent prospects are offered to the right applicant. Please write with full details of education, experience and salary required. All applications treated in confidence. Present staff aware of situation. Box 7842.

OWING to the impending resignation of its General Secretary through ill health, the Association of Supervisory Staffs, Executives and Technicians invites applications for the position of General Secretary. Salary £1,415 10s. p.a., plus emoluments totalling £229 p.a. Applicants must have a knowledge of negotiating procedures, law relating to industrial relations, and must be experienced in administration, organisation and public speaking. Applications in writing to the Acting General Secretary, ASSET, 'Sutton House,' 2/4 Homerton High Street, London, E9. Closing date 25 November 1960.

TRADES Union Congress invites applications from trade unionists for the post of Secretary of the TUC International Department. Further particulars may be obtained before 31 October from the General Secretary, TUC, 23-28 Great Russell Street, London, WC1.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, Herts. Required for January Assistant Matron for senior boarding house, working under hospital trained nurse. Previous experience not essential, but practical common sense and ability to get on with young people. Interesting post in a vital community with opportunities for joining in social life of the school, which is within easy reach London and Cambridge. Applications to the Headmaster.

EMPLOYERS' Association. Understudy (30-40) wanted to Senior Woman Assistant, due to retire in three years' time, in the Labour Relations Department of a busy Employers' Association. Interest in complicated Trade Union matters and some competency in shorthand-typing necessary. 5-day week. Superannuation. Staff canteen. Commencing salary £625. Write Box 954, Rays, Cecil Court, WC2.

PUBLISHING and Advertising Secretarial posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St. Hanover Sq. W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

CHESTERFIELD Borough Welfare Committee (Affiliated to NCSS and NCFCWA). Social Worker required as Assistant Secretary to above Committee. Applicants should hold a recognised Diploma or Certificate in Social Science. Duties include family case work, old people's welfare, etc. Salary £555 to £685; commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications, giving full particulars and names and addresses of 2 persons for refs, should be sent to Richard Clegg, Town Clerk, Chesterfield.

SECRETARY required for Keeper of Museum of English Rural Life. Graduate preferred but applications from others will be welcomed. Further details on application to the Assistant Bursar, The University, Reading.

SECRETARY required for senior Trade Union Official. Good English and first class shorthand-typing essential; experience of minutes most desirable. TU background would be helpful. Minimum commencing salary approx. £12 p.w. on an incremental scale. 35-hour, 5 day week. Good holidays, generous pension scheme. Apply: The National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St, Westminster, SW1.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800. 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS. 7379.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist required as Personal Secretary to Trade Union Officer. Interesting work, requires good speeds and initiative. 5-day week. Hours 9.30 to 5.30. Normal 4 weeks' annual leave. Scale of pay £10 19s. x 10s. – £13 9s. p.w. Apply Civil Service Union, 17 Hatton Wall, EC1 for appointment.

PERHAPS you are a secretary seeking an outlet for writing talent, or a journalist who would prefer the more varied activities of Public Relations? You are a young woman, say 19-23; have shorthand and typing? Without being pious, you would prefer work that helps to build a better world? Then you are invited to apply for the post of assistant to a PR consultant serving a major charity concerned with refugees and the under-developed countries. £9 p.w. Ealing office. Please ring Mr Barron, PERivale 9015 (9.45-12.15 or 1.45-5.30).

MEDICAL Secretaries and Receptionists required for Drs, Dentists and Hospitals. Perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

COPY Typist and Office Assistant wanted for Research Institute. Must have good typing speed. Pleasant working conditions; 10 minutes from Liverpool Street. Institute of Community Studies, 18 Victoria Park Square, E2.

PART-time secretary for inventor 3 afternoons p.w. Integrity and intelligence essential. WES. 1302.

SECRETARY S/T., 19/21, good speeds, interested in books. £9/£11. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD. 1738.

PICTURE-framers (Wholesalers) require young woman for interesting and busy position in print stock-room and galleries. 5 day week £10 10s. per week, plus Luncheon Vouchers. Phone GERrard 3463.

ANTIQUARIAN bookseller in North London requires another assistant. A lady (but not too ladylike to work) for cataloguing, research etc. Experience might help – though we'd as soon teach you our way – but good typing essential. Five day week. Starting £9. Box 7908.

COMPANIONABLE lady willing to cook wanted for two professional women and elderly lady in pleasant labour-saving house. Daily help. Excellent references from present incumbent leaving to get married. Tel.: PRI. 5577 (day) HAM. 7097 (evenings) or write 64 Eton Ave, NW3.

AU Pair girl wanted urgently in increasing family. HIG. 9621.

THE G.K. Bureau has been established to guarantee executives continuous secretarial services. Tel. LAN. 2182.

CHAMBERMAID wanted for small country hotel. The Bell Inn, Aston Clinton 384 (Bucks).

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SQUARE peg seeks better fit. MA Lond. (Disct), fair French and German, some Italian and Spanish. Experienced business administrator (engineering), wide cultural interests, some educational experience. Fond of travel. Box 7857.

PHILOSOPHY BA seeks cultural/social work in London. Box 7793.

FREELANCE shorthand-typist. AMB. 6191. Weekdays until 5 p.m.

POST needed – expd welfare, admin., salesman-manager, wife expd children. Accommodation – country. Box 7656.

I WANT a non-resident job in the London area looking after handicapped children. No degrees or diplomas, just a genuine love of children. Box 7936.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating. Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

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MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5988.

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Transins, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isis Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

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MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. CHE. 2107.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing (tapes, etc.), private lessons shorthand/typing. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, Friern Barnet. N11 ENT 3324.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

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SMALL bedroom & living room in doctor's house. Gas fires, hot & cold, cooker, own meters. £4 p.w. CAN. 4554.

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2 bachelors offered exceptional furn. flat in congenial house. Sitting-room, bedroom, kit, bathroom. Fully equipped, frig. & tel. Mod. rent to suitable tenants. Tel: EALing 3948 after 7 p.m. or wkends.

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MAN, 33, seeks another to share flat Kew Gardens. Box 7818.

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MA Oxon (m) offers share comf. mod. c.h. flat NW London, nominal charge to educ. yng man of irreproachable character willing cook & drive occas. Box 7796.

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SINGLE or double room, all amenities, bus. people. Lux. flat. CUN. 2192.

MAN (40) offers another share of flat, SW17. £12 p. month. Box 7932.

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OURS is a personal service. We inspect all the quality houses, flats and flatlets we have available in NW London and can therefore give you complete information regarding the accommodation you require. Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd. East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

TORQUAY. Middle-aged widow offers to share home with similar. Box 7788.

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TWO girls seek inexp. furn. s/c. flat (2 beds), SW1/3/7, W8, NW3/6/8. Prepared baby-sit. Box 7914.

MUSIC student with small piano requests accommodation. Box 7900.

SHIVERING American student (f.) wants central heating &/or elec. fire; either single bed-sitter or 2-bedroom flat. 'Phone PRI. 3920, ext. 15, after 7.

URGENTLY reqd by responsible adult tenants, NS readers, 2-3 roomed flat (furn. or unfurn.). Write Box 7893.

WOMAN painter, quiet reliable tenant, sks partly-furn. light rm/living facs, or flat. Lon. Low rent essential. Box 7905.

ADMAN, grad., seeks join shared flat. Hampstead preferred. Box 7941.

OCCASIONAL retreat, no service, for London lecturer & family. Box 7762.

ARCHITECT, 31, wants accom. Lon. pref. Central or West side. Box 7935.

MARRIED couple (students) seek accom. to £3. London. Willing baby-sit, cook, argue. 6 Carlisle Rd, Hove 3, Sx.

WTD: good private lodgings for student walking distance Imperial College. Also for postgrad. student Kingsway area. Hamilton, Oaklea, Badger's Mount, Sevenoaks.

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WILTS. To Let Unfurnished from 1 Nov. 1960. The Grove, Corsham, a fine early Georgian Residence: 4 reception rooms, modern kitchen and office, 6 main and 3 secondary beds, 3 bathrooms; main services, central heating; garages; stabling; staff flat; delightful garden; paddock, in all 7 acres. Rental on lease £350. Smith & Marshall, Land Agents, 15 St Mary St, Chippenham, Wilts. (Tel: 2124).

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd from p.588

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SPANISH conversation. Special week-end crses: idioms, pronunciation, with tape recorders. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM. 2202

CHINESE Corresp. College: Mandarin, Cantonese, Japanese. 21 postal, 26 evg Courses to BA level. Recorded tape from 31s. Scient, Chinese, priv. tuitn. Transls. Dept NSJ, 13 Park Av. Nth N8.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses (1) Cours de Langue et de Civilisation Françaises (2) Basic French for Conversation (3) Translation Courses. Lesson-by-lesson Coaching by French teachers. Combined class/correspondence Courses. Easy payments. Send for prospectus. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2.

TUITION by Post for GCE Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess exams. Mod. fees Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894)

RUSSIAN Language & Literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams espec. Degree. Box 7577.

ITALIAN lessons by expd native teacher. Speedy results guaranteed. Box 7428.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave. W11. PARk 4654.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

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BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. FLStree 5560.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

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PERSONAL

12-YEAR-OLD girl needs a warm, affectionate Jewish home to grow up in. Due to difficult early background, she now needs security and skilful handling. Adequate payment made. Please write to: Area Children's Officer, Area 5 (NDO/NS/2619/10a), 124-128 Bethnal Grn Rd, E2.

INDIAN scholar (m.) fond of children asks stay and pocket-money or wage for any part-time work. Box 7668.

RESPONSIBLE friendly person urgently reqd to look after house and baby in Essex village 50 mls Lond. Own rm. Mod. cons. No objections 1 yng child. Box 7733.

THREE friends North West London, anxious to form group of 12 people 35-50. To attend theatres, walks, record evenings etc., during winter. Box 7772.

EXCHANGE of homes. Growing-up family, needing expanding interests, friends for teenagers, would exchange friendly ramshackle home 18 miles NW Marble Arch but completely rural for home in Hampstead or similar area near London for short or long period. Paddle-pool, orchard, old beams (headsplitters), pigeons, nightingales, M1. Ideal for young, savage children and parents. 'Phone Garston (Herts) 2706.

FRENCH diplomat living in London seeks English family where his daughter aged 22 could find not only full accommodation but possibility of intellectual contacts. Box 7967.

PEOPLES of All Races and Faiths are helped by doctors and nurses in Christian Outposts. Bishop Trapp will appeal in the BBC 'Good Cause of the Week' on Sunday, 16 October, at 8.25 p.m. for the Medical Work of British Missionary Societies. Gifts may be sent to him at Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, London, SW1.

HUMANISTS accept the brotherhood of all men; reject the idea of the supernatural; work for better human conditions. Write Ethical Union (Pres. Sir Julian Huxley), 13 Prince of Wales Ter., W8.

SOURCES of Twentieth Century Art Exhibition, Paris. ICA Weekend Visit to Paris 4-6 November. Only a few seats left. Enqs about membership and tour to Secretary, 17/18 Dover St, W1.

YOUNG man seeks ditto NS reader Autumn holiday UK. Box 7743.

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BALLET, modern, creat., educational to develop mind, body. Classes for Adults, Children. Hilde Holger School, 27 Oval Rd, Regents Park, NW1. GUL. 6822.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) au pair (2) req. free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806.

MP's, authors, officials, occasionally needing versatile efficient private secretary for dictation, MSS, reports, confidential documents, ring Your Secretarial Service (FULham 2985), 81a Dawes Rd, SW6.

THEATREMINDED? The Questors, Ealing, welcome new members. Subscription 30s. per annum. Free seats at 6 major and 3 experimental productions. Discussions, lectures. New Theatre shortly under construction. Apply EAL. 5184.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3. Sloane Sq. KEN. 7201. Club attached.

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GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

POEMS wanted: send with s.a.e.: Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

EVEN if you don't want a photograph of Gaudí's house, you may want something (or body) photographed by Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8.

PERSONAL—continued

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THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

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OPPORTUNITIES for progressive groups to hold week-end conferences (30-55) at residential adult centre. Details from the Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

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LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery, yet withal the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness and mental activity – remains. Garlisol Tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the entire system. Harmless, benevolent, and with no drug reaction on the heart or other organs. Not habit forming. Send 52s. 6d. for six months' treatment (1,000 Tablets) or £1 12s. 6d. (3 months' treatment) together with booklet of dietary advice, to Garlisol Company, Fairlight, Sussex, or order through your chemist.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

EXISTING books reproduced at low cost. Broadacre Books Ltd, 100 Morley St, Bradford 7.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd., 36 Brooke St, EC1. CHA. 3588.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

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WHI. 3535.

WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS

Erna Low has arranged an extensive programme of Winter Sports Film Shows and Ski-mobile Displays in London and in the Provinces, offering an opportunity for first-hand advice from ski-ing experts. Details & Free Winter Sports literature from:
ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN. 8881-2.

WINTER HOLIDAYS
WITH ETA

Educational Travel Association has produced a new booklet giving details of many inexpensive Winter Sports holidays and winter tours to Italy and Greece. Free copy available from Dept C, ETA Tours, 207 Victoria St, London, SW1. Tel. VIC. 4826/8 (opp. Victoria Station).

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way. WC1. HOL. 1193.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

READ the African viewpoint in 'Voice of Kamerun' 1s. monthly: political, social and cultural review. Now available 'UPC at Addis Ababa Conference'; 'first serious study . . . should be read by all' Bob Edwards, MP. 1s. 6d. 'Kamerunian Revolution'. Political analysis for the expert and layman of this West African party's programme for independence and socialism. 1s. 6d. From UPC, 200 Gower St, NW1, or progressive bookshops.

'WHICH?' The October issue reports on Electric Blankets, clinical thermometers, zip fasteners and slide viewers, based on scientific tests. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

'X-RAY of the Racist Mind' – Read this outstanding article by Marie Jahoda, and eight other articles on Racial Prejudice in South Africa, Germany, America and India in the latest edition of the UNESCO 'Courier', now on sale at Betterbooks, Charing Cross Rd, London, WC2, for 1s.

OUR catalogue No. 50 of scholarly French books will be sent on request. We also take subscriptions to all French newspapers & periodicals. Librairie Française R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham St, London, SW1. VIC. 1583.

'A & N' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

DILLON'S University Bookshop, 1 Malet St, London, WC1. A large selection of British, foreign and USA books.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London WC2.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR, we buy books, pamps, jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6 RIV 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

REMOVALS & EXPORT PACKING

PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates free. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 5751.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

18 Oct. CINDERELLA (La Cenerentola)
19 & 22 Oct. LA TRAVIATA
20 Oct. TANNHAUSER
21 Oct. TOSCA
Evgs 7.30. Tel. TER. 1672.

THEATRES

ARTS, TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Th. 2.30, S. 5 & 8. 'Naked Island'. Mems.

LYRIC, Hammersmith. RIV. 4432. Evgs 8.0, S. 5.0 & 8.15, Th. 3.0. 'Mister Johnson'. 'Quite enchanting' – S. Times.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs. 7.30. Mat. Thurs. 2.30. Sats. 5.0 & 8.15. Chekhov's 'Platonov' with Rex Harrison.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. Sat. 5.0, 8.0. 'Sparrers Can't Sing'.

TOWER. 8 p.m. 13, 14, 15 Oct. (Mat. 15 at 5 p.m.): 'The Bacchae' of Euripides. Special late-night perfs. 13, 14 Oct. at 10 p.m. 7.30 p.m. 21, 22 (Mems. 23), 27, 28, 29 Oct.: 'Cherry Orchard'. CAN. 3475 (before 6), CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists', Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. Mems. (Sold out Sat. 15 Oct.).

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Everyman'. 18 Oct. at 2.30 and 7.30. Admission free.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music by Quantz, Scarlatti, Corelli, C. P. E. Bach, W. F. Bach, J. S. Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Tues. 25 Oct., 7.45. WAT. 3191.

ST JAMES'S Church, Piccadilly, W1. Mon. 24 Oct. at 7 p.m. By kind permission of the Rector, A Recital by The Renaissance Singers, incl. male falsetto sopranos. Director Michael Howard. Missa Brevis – Palestrina. Works by Victoria Lassus and Anerio.

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Saturday, 29 October, 7.30. Ilse Wolf (soprano), Sylvia Cleaver (violin), Walter Bergmann (piano and harpsichord). Works by Bach, Buxtehude, Purcell, Schumann & others. Tickets 4s. from Registrar or at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. 5th Japanese Film Season: Until 16 Oct.: 'The Rickshaw Man' (U). From 17 Oct.: 'The Boyhood of Dr Noguchi' (A), 'Seven Years in Tibet' (U).

JOHN Wain and Terence Tiller read from their own works, Wed. 26 October, 6.30 p.m., 4 St James's Square, SW1. Tickets 7s. 6d. available from Arts Council of Great Britain, same address.

SOVIET Films: 'Rublev' (Icon painter) and 'A Girl seeks her father', in English, Sun. 23 Oct., 4 p.m. French Inst., Queensberry Pl. SW7. Seats res. Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Roy Vaughan Quartet. Sat. 15 October, 8-11 p.m. Members 5s., Non-members 7s. 6d. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

JOIN the Senior (Jewish) Ramblers at their Annual Dance, Sat. 15 Oct., from 7.30 at the Mozart House, Albion Rd, N16. Adm. 6s. 73 bus passes the door.

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Matter Painting. Until 22 October. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

LYONEL Feininger Memorial Exhibition. City of York Art Gallery. 6 Oct.-5 Nov. Weekdays 10-5, Sundays 2.30-5.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. Opening of New Premises – 2 Exhibitions: Van Gogh Self-Portraits; French Masters of the 19th Century. 5 Oct.-3 Nov. Daily 10-5. Sats 10-12. Adm. 3s. 6d. Students 1s. In aid of Central British Fund for Jewish Relief and Rehabilitation and WIZO Boys' and Girls' Clubs in Israel.

REX Whistler 1905-1944. Memorial exhibition. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 18 Dec. Weekdays 10-6; Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

NIGERIAN Tribal Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 5 Nov. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BLUE Rider Group. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 30 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thur. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s 6d.

MANZU. Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 6 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

CENTENARY Exhibition of the Work of Sir Charles Barry, Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W1. Until 22 October. Mon.-Fri. 10-7; Sat. 10-5. Admission free.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Jack Smith – Recent Paintings and Drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until 12 November. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

PUSHKIN House, 46 Ladbroke Grove. Exhibition of Photographs of Pushkin Club trip to Russia by: C. Bevington, A. Teixeira, S. Weaver. Prolonged to 22 Oct. Mon.-Fri. 5-7 p.m. Sat. 3-7 p.m.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. André Bicat – Paintings and Etchings. Chien-Ying Chang Water-colours. Krishen Khanna. First exhibition in England. Till 20 Oct.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Tate, to 24 October. 10-6.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Prunella Clough: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1946-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Cesar – Sculpture. Until 18 November. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery – Gillian Ayres – Paintings, Anthea Alley – Sculpture, until 22 October 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Important paintings by Jawlensky (from the 'Blauen Reiter' Group). Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 28 October.

RAILLE Gallery, 24 Islington Green, N1. CAN. 7693. East London New Painters. Until 22 Oct.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Anthony Harrison – Paintings. Until 22 October. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Frederick Feigl & Michael Foreman. 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Sculpture: Adam Tessier. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WILTON Gallery, 2 Motcomb St, Belgrave Sq, SW1 BEL. 1762. Recent Paintings by Frederick Könekamp, 13-29 October, 1960. Mon.-Fri. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery: Richard Beer, Etchings of Rome, 7 Cork Street, W1. REG. 3660. Until 29 Oct.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Poetry. Rex Warner reads from the new book of poems by George Seferis. Tuesday 18 October, 8.15 p.m. Admission: Members 2s., Non-members 3s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ORAL CONTRACEPTION
Speaker: Dr G. I. M. Swyer, MD, DPhil.
Chairman: Glanville Williams, LLD, FBA.
A PUBLIC MEETING under the auspices of the Abortion Law Reform Assn on Tuesday, 25 October 1960 at 7.15 p.m. in the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, WC1. Admission free.

LONDON NLR CLUB

Monday 17 October, PARTISAN Basement, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

David Ennals:
'THE NEW POLITICS OF THE UN'
8 p.m.
Members 1s., non-members 1s. 6d.

THE Arts & Society in the 1960's'. 8 Public Lectures (with questions and discussion) Tuesdays 6.30 begin 18 Oct. Lectures include: Painting & Sculpture (Terence Mullaly), Music (Michael Tippett), Theatre (Robert Bolt), Novel (Walter Allen), The State & The Arts (Sir W. E. Williams), Creative Crafts (John Farleigh), Film (Roger Manvell). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 18 Oct. 'The Biology of Fighting' by Dr H. Kalmus; 20 Oct. 'The Danish East Greenland Expeditions, 1957-58' by Dr J. H. Callomon.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Fenner Brockway on 'The Med. and the Middle East'. Wed. 19 Oct., 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

'THE Science of Christianity' by John L. Morgan. Six free public lectures. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Thursdays 7.30 p.m. Second lecture 20 October, 'Christianity: Religion or Science?'.

CND Film Show, introduced by Francis Jude, Monday 17 October, 7.30, Alliance Hall (near Caxton Hall), SW1. Admission free. Westminster Group.

PROGRESSIVE League. Sociology Group announces new series on 'Non-conforming Cultures'. 28 Oct.: 'Beatniks' by Murray Sayle, Australian novelist. For details of this & other events send s.a.e. to: Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

THE New Jewish Society joins the London Jewish Graduates Association in a Joint Debate 'That this House believes that man cannot survive as a public figure without a woman's inspiration'. Monday 17 Oct. The Allied Circle, 46 Green Street, Park Lane, W1 at 8.15 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 14 Oct., 8 p.m. Dr Francis Seton: 'Soviet Economic Outlook', Chairman: Prof. Michael Polanyi. Tues. 18 Oct., 8 p.m. 'Glimpses of Russia' – film by A. & M. Sobolev. Fri. 21 Oct. 8 p.m. Mme Nina Lenova, soprano; recital: Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Gretchaninoff, Dargomyrzsky, Rachmaninov, Kabelevsky.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 16 Oct. Joseph Murumbi 'Independence and Interdependence in Africa 1960'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 18 Oct. Reginald Sorensen MP 'The New Humanism and the Old Religions'. Open discn. Write free literature.

THE New Jewish Society presents two play readings on Wed. 19 October at 83 Chiltern Street, W1 at 8 p.m.

FOR British Soviet Friendship! Rally at Central Hall, Westminster Sat. 26 Nov. (7.45 p.m.). Speakers include the Soviet Ambassador, Dean of Canterbury, Lord Chorley, John Gollan, Brit. and Soviet artistes incl. Constance Shacklock. Res. seats 5s. and 2s. 6d. (unres. 1s.) from BSFS, 36, Spencer St, EC1.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PROGRESSIVE League Conference. 'Freedom in the Man-Woman Relationship', 4-6 Nov. Speakers: Dr R. Laing, Jacques Brunius, Arabinda Basu MA, Dr Mildred Marshak. Non-members £4 17s. 6d. Parties from Ian Leslie, 140 Holland Park Avenue, W11.

DOROTHY Thompson on The Social Services. Day School, Sunday, 23 Oct. Victoria Hall, Saltaire, 3-8 pm. Tkts 6d from Shipley CLP, 1c Westgate, Shipley.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Dr Andrés Vázquez de Prada on 'Simbolismo de los autos sacramentales' on 21 October at 6 p.m.

'WHAT'S Happening to our Food?', R. F. Milton, BSc, PhD, FRIC, Caxton Hall, 7.30, Mon. 17 Oct. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 19 Oct., 6.30. 'Paraphysics & Buddhism', a discussion by Mr G. W. de la Warr & Mr Christmas Humphreys. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' containing articles on Buddhism & the Buddhist movement in the West. Information: TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 16 Oct., 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'The Usefulness of Philosophy': H. J. Blackham.

IWC. Public Lecture. Free. J. P. Moffett: 'The Blind in the Commonwealth'. 8.30 Fri. 21 Oct. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

EVERYDAY Occultism'. Public lecture, 16 Oct., 8 p.m. Free litt S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queens Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled (1) 'The Mosaics in the Kariye Camii at Istanbul'; (2) 'Theophanes the Greek and his Frescoes in Novgorod'; (3) 'The Icon-Painting of the Palaeologue Age' will be delivered by Professor V. Lazareff (Academy of Sciences, Moscow) at 5.30 p.m. on 25 and 27 October and 1 November at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Cassal Lectures entitled 'Trois Moments de l'Histoire du Théâtre Français, Marivaux, Musset, Giraudoux' will be delivered by M. Gabriel Marcel (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on 24, 25 and 26 October at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

DANCE and Music – a course conducted by Lisa Ullmann, Geraldine Stephenson, John Dalby, on Saturdays, 12 November, 3 December 1960, 21 January, 11 February 1961, in Queen Mary Hall, YWCA, Great Russell Street, WC1. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

IT'S fun – and profitable! If you like to draw, invest in the Famous Artists Home Study Art Course. The brilliant instruction you will receive from these famous artists, in the comfort of your own home, will ensure your success. Let us assess your ability. Send for free Talent Test to Famous Artist Schools, 17 Westport, Godalming.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetzky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth Spanish Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

DANCE, Drama, Ballet classes, Children – Keep Fit. Ladies, Phone: Harmel Studio, HAM. 0213.

FOR Yoga classes and correspondence course, please write to the Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gdns, NW3.

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.587

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Merritt & Hatcher Ltd, High Wycombe and London. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d., foreign 3½d., Canada 1d.